JULY 1988

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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AUSTRALIA'S *Shannon Long* ON THE ROAD TO HONG KONG

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:
TOM CARROLL

RAMBO!
HE AIN'T HEAVY

SEX IN ADVERTISING:
PLEASURE OR GAIN?

RED SYMONS WRITES
ABOUT THE FAME GAME

VINCE SORRENTI:
THIS WOG'S IN WORK

GOLF RULES, OK?

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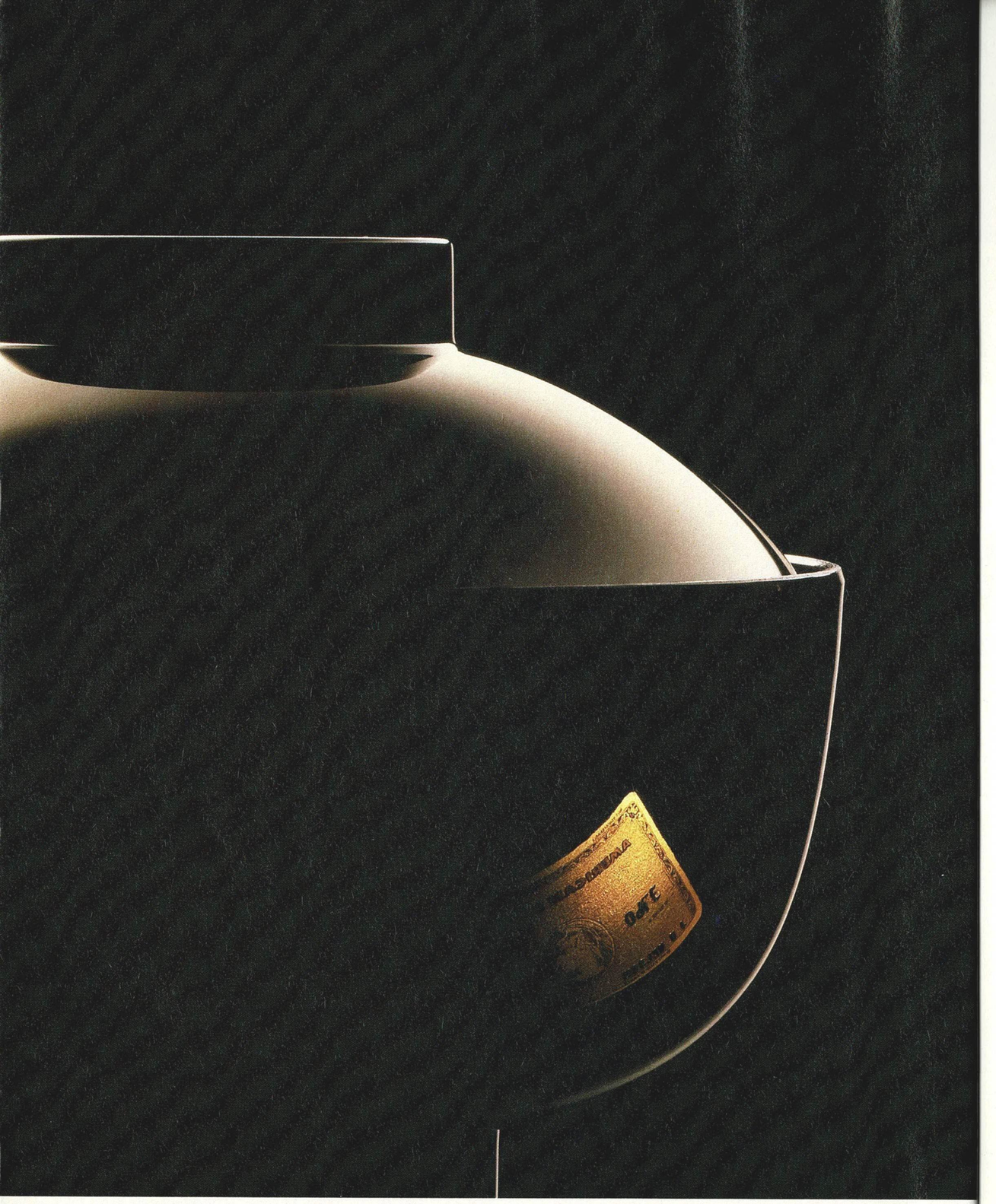

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Playbill

Some things go without saying. No one needs to say *Australian Playboy* is the country's hottest magazine. That's fact. And our July edition is one of the hottest issues yet. That's fact. And a quick flick through the following pages will prove that fact is in fact, uh, fact.

But some things need explaining because some things aren't always what they seem. For example, most people would insist that Rambo is a nasty warmongering monster. But that's not the case and, on the eve of the release of *Rambo III*, **David Morrell**, the author who "invented" the Rambo character, reveals that his creation is misunderstood: Rambo is really a nice guy.

Another fact which needs correcting: *Hey Hey It's Saturday*'s Red Faces judge, **Red Symons**, the intellectual Rambo of the talent quest set, is a nasty, callous man who wants to be famous? Wrong. Red Symons is a nasty, callous man who *is* famous. But seriously, Redmond, a very sensitive guy, hates fame and this month he writes for *Australian Playboy*. Photography is by **Rennie Ellis**.

Are you getting the message? Give us a fact and in this issue we'll prove it wrong. Some more examples. Newcastle is Australia's most boring city because it's women are dull, dull, dull? Gaze at our lovely centrefold, Tanja Adams, photographed by **Bob Watson** and you'll see what Newcastle really has to offer. Another fact? Sexy advertisements sell up a storm. Maybe, but more likely not, as leading Sydney ad man Dr **Kim Mukerjee** explains. Or try this alleged fact. Comedian Vince Sorrenti, he of the funny face, hasn't got anything interesting to say. Senior contributing editor Phil Jarratt dispels that myth in this month's 20 Questions. Photography is by **Karl Schwerdtfeger**.

What next? Super surfing champ Tom Carroll isn't all he's cracked up to be? You blew it again. Carroll is an amazing sportsman, and he explains a lot about his life and times in this month's Playboy Interview. Senior contributing editor **Neil Jameson** asks the questions, and photographer **Tony Nolan** snaps the pics.

Major record companies are all successful because they know all about the record industry, and their executives have infallible judgement, right? Not in all cases. Take the legendary US record label, Capitol. Once a go-ahead company, it became boring and suburban, and almost went under. Now there's a move afoot to revive Capitol. Legendary rock writer **Ben Fong-Torres** sets a few facts straight.

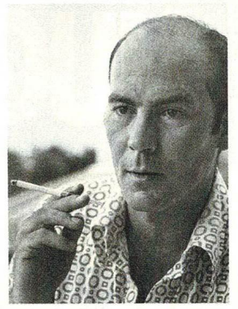
So you think you know all the rules of golf? Okay then, tell us: when your ball lands against a half-eaten pear, can you remove it without adding a penalty stroke? Not too certain? Read our special golf package, and writer **Warren Kalbacker** will fill you in.

Another undeniable fact is that every guy seems to have a sexual fantasy about cleaning ladies. Why? This month **Graham Barry** explains, to the accompaniment of a very sexy pictorial by **Vic Thomasson**. And here's another fact which we won't attempt to deny. Aussie Playmate Shannon Long is one of the best looking women in the world. She proved that when she was invited to appear in an international Playmate pageant in Hong Kong. She lined up with 13 other women, and we publish a pictorial form guide of the contenders. The photographer was **Byron Newman**, assisted by **Jeff Sumner**, styling was by **Brigitte Newman** and make-up by **Patricia Burris**.

That's it for this month's *Playboy*? Wrong again. We've got lots more. **Bettina Arndt** writes about the problems of engaging in oral sex while wearing braces on your teeth; leading US writer **Hunter S. Thompson** writes about his mad mate, artist Ralph Steadman; and fashion editor **Vitek** previews ski-wear.

And is that all? No, there's even *more* in the July edition of *Australian Playboy* — and that's a f-a-c-t.

NOLAN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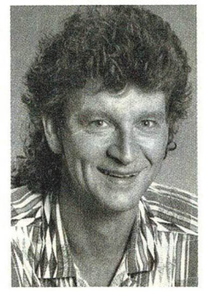
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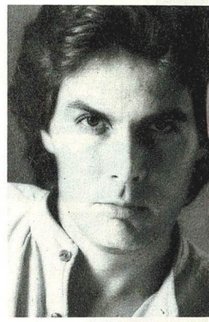
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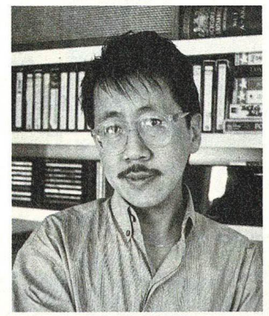
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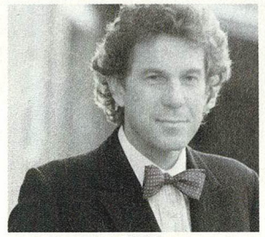
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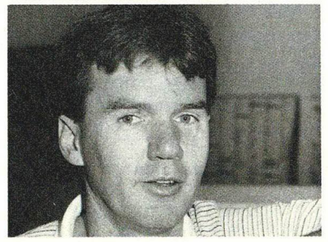
NEWMAN, SUMNER, NEWMAN, BURRIS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HARDWARE REVIEW

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By Steve King

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We found the appearance of the NR-15's text printing generally superior to its Epson ...

PC World.

Latest Star gets thumbs up

By Gary Kingsley

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Documentation: Ex...
Value for money

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Computerworld.

Pacific Computer Weekly.

Star is rising in printer sphere

By Maggie Macrae

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AUSTRALIAN **PLAYBOY**

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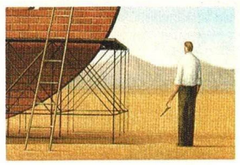

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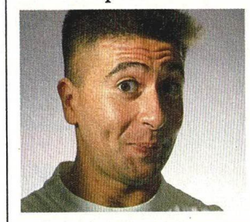

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Old gonzo himself, Hunter S. Thompson, on his pommie mate, cartoonist Ralph Steadman.

Dear Playboy

ONE FOR THE BOOK

In your February '88 issue of *Australian Playboy* you ran an article on the launching of the book *Fortune Of Fear* by **L. Ron Hubbard**.

You claimed the book was published "by Scientologists". N.E. Publications is a subsidiary of the leading Danish export publishing business, New Era Publications International, and we are proud to have the publishing rights to Mr Hubbard's *Mission Earth* series, of which *Fortune Of Fear* is the fifth volume to be released in Australia. We have very successfully released six volumes of this series, and five of these (at the time of writing) have appeared on the national bestseller lists. We have been acknowledged by publishers and booksellers for our lavish Hollywood-style launches, hosted by the likes of **Barry Crocker** and **Noel Ferrier**.

I was pleased to see your interest in this well-deserving series, but I would request that our company, N.E. Publications Aust. Pty. Ltd, is recognised as the publisher of this merited work.

Julie Jones,
Paddington, NSW.

GENDER DEFENDER

Cynthia Heimel, I sympathise with you and the sentiments you express in your monthly Women column. Obviously what you need is a man who doesn't want to live in this rat-race competitive world. I'm not one, but God knows there must be some out there, somewhere, even in your neck of the woods. And now for a bit of a hint, Cynthia. Don't you try to pretend to be a man and I (and hopefully the majority of the male gender) won't try to pretend to be a woman.

Leon Polak,
Willeton, WA.

You might disagree, Leon, but we at Australian Playboy have always felt that as a bloke Cynthia is one hell of a woman — Ed.

SHE'S OUR BABY

Women sure can be a lot of trouble. Beautiful girls like **Baby Doll** excite us with their natural charms, but other women turn the law on to them and put a lot of people out of work. So much for decency.

Personally, I prefer the Baby Doll type of trouble and wish to thank you for giving us these pictures. But why not a centrefold? Few people can do an act as well as Baby Doll, and it would have done her justice to be a main feature.

Anonymous,
South Fremantle, WA.

We don't know where you got the idea that "other women" complained to the law about Baby Doll. From what we understand, most of her legal problems were caused by men. Amen — Ed.

PROUD VANITY

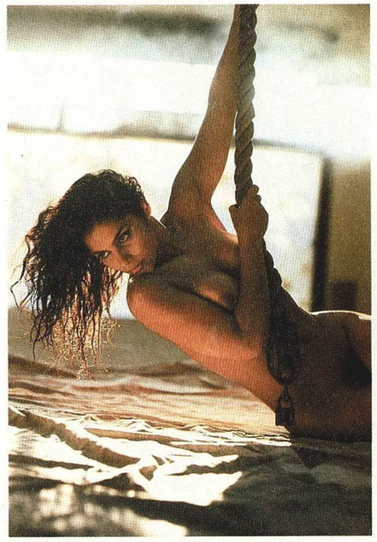
I always used to wonder why the weird and wonderful singer **Prince** used to jump around and jiggle so much. Now that I've seen what his ex-girlfriend **Vanity** looks like *au naturel*, I sort of understand what he was on about. However, I've got this problem — I've started jiggling around like a teabag on heat and I know I won't be able to stop unless I see more of Vanity in the nude.

John B.,
Mullumbimby, NSW.

Hmmm, after careful study of your nude pictorial on Vanity I now firmly believe that she's the sort of woman who can put the rock into roll. Or should that be the roll into rock? I'm confused. Help me out and rock me with another roll of Vanity photos.

Steve,
Stanley, Tas.

Steve, we can't offer a full roll. But we can give you one more Vanity picture. So rock on — Ed.



ARNIE'S NO ARSEHOLE

Another excellent interview! Your Feb '88 interview with **Arnold Schwarzenegger** was great reading. I was very surprised to learn that he invests his earnings, keeps up with politics etc, and has some well-informed opinions on various subjects.

And I used to think that he was an Austrian ball of muscle who just flexed biceps in front of the camera.

Top work with the interview in showing us a new side to ol' Arnie. Keep up the superlative standards, guys!!

Robert Speers,
Perth, WA.

BLACK VIEW

I'm sick and tired of hearing aborigines whinge — they're worse than pommies. But all the same, I thought your interview with **Charles Perkins** very interesting (March 1988). Of course, after studying it I still don't know what aboriginals want, but now I reckon neither do they.

A.P.J.,
Adelaide, SA.

WAR CRY

It is with trepidation and foreboding that I follow the debate to introduce legislation to prosecute "war criminals" in Australia.

I have no difficulty with Australians seeking retribution for atrocious acts perpetrated against Australians. I do, however, have difficulty with Australians seeking retribution for atrocious acts perpetrated by others, in other sovereign nations.

To demonstrate consistency and honor of intent, the proposed legislation must include provisions to cover "war crimes" in general, including all conflicts since the beginning of World War 2, and all sides of these conflicts. Winning the war does not exonerate a nation from "war crimes". The Australian government, then, will need to zealously and vigorously investigate, with the view to prosecute, every immigrant since 1945, including among others: Serbs, Croats, Vietnamese, Koreans, Japanese, and servicemen and women of Britain, the USA and Australia.

The task is formidable and will largely be divisive, more like the McCarthyite anti-communist witch-hunts in the USA in the '50s than a rigorous pursuit of justice.

In 1988 Australia can light the path to world peace and unity by demonstrating clearly that there is "a time to every purpose", a time to forget, not to resurrect old grievances. Australia's place is in the vanguard, not mopping up the rear.

Dietrich F.A. Moeckel,
NSW.

Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box, 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say. We'll give a 12 month subscription to each letter that we publish.

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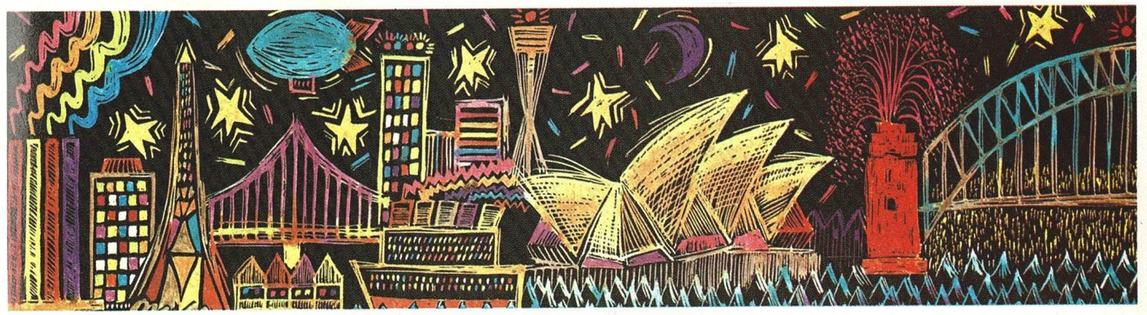
After Hours



WHO WAS THAT MAX-ED MAN?

It certainly wasn't the computer-generated wacko of the airwaves, **Max Headroom** himself. No, it was a masked impostor who broke into some Chicago television broadcasts electronically and flashed his bare arse at the shocked viewers. First time it was just a 20 second blast before the station's engineers managed to get rid of the image and return the screen to a stunned sportscaster (we doubt if it would have stunned **Ian Chappell**). But later that same night, the ersatz Max lasted a full minute and 28 seconds. The screen flickered and then a guy in a Max mask, shades and a tacky sports coat appeared, cackling, singing off-key and waving what looked like an oversized rubber penis. "Catch the wave!" he wailed, throwing a Pepsi tin offscreen, followed by, "They're coming to get me," whereupon he turned to reveal bare buttocks.

Then, gentle reader, the spanking began: a woman, visible only from the waist down and wielding a flyswatter, started slapping Mad Max IV's bottom, until finally the engineers regained control of the airwaves. Our hero faces a hefty fine and a prison sentence if he's caught, but hopefully one of our TV networks should be able to pick up his show next season among the more mundane US television offerings.

INCY WINCY SPIDER

The old nursery rhyme tells us it climbed up the water spout, but a biologist at the Australian National University, Dr **David Rowell**, had a bit of a turn when one tried to climb up *his* water spout. While researching the social life of the huntsman spider in North Queensland he happened to pull a piece of bark off a tree and discovered his first colony of some 300 of the rather large hairy monsters.

He also then discovered, on dropping to the ground, they instinctively run up the nearest obstacle — in this case, his leg. Naturally, at this moment in time, Dr Rowell removed his trousers in order to collect his first specimens from off his private parts. And this great moment in science might have gone unrecorded, had not a busload of Japanese tourists happened by with the usual full complement of cameras.

Sure as hell beats all those piccies of Mitsuko on Bondi Beach.

NAKED HOSTESSES

We're all familiar with the legends about air hostesses, and television ads for airlines have merely served to reinforce the myths. However, it took an industrial dispute among the staff at a 5-star hotel in Sydney to confirm that all we'd hoped and dreamed might well be true. No less an authority than the general manager tells how, during a recent dispute with the hotel workers which culminated in a work stoppage, he was obliged to get the house manager to "do" room service.

The hotel is patronised regularly by a European aircrew, and he explained to the boss that each time he was called to the stewardesses' rooms they would answer the door in all their naked glory. It seems that after all those long hot flights, all they want to do is throw off their clothes.

And the hotel staff had the nerve to go on strike for more money!

WHY THE FOG DIDN'T THEY TELL ME?

As we all know, our footballers may get caught short on the field sometimes, but they don't suffer from the same problems as their soccer-playing counterparts in the Old Country. The *Ely Standard*, reporting on the doings of its local team, had the following heart-rending tale to tell concerning the plight of its goalkeeper, Mr **Garry Penrose**. According to the valiant keeper, "it was quite foggy when we arrived at the pitch, but we decided to begin the game. After about 10 minutes I thought we must be doing well because I had nothing to do. But 15 minutes later my brother Bobby appeared through the fog and told me that the game had been abandoned straight after the kick-off."

SNOW WHITE, FIVE DWARFS AND TWO GIANTS

With *Cry Freedom* all the rage in the cinemas, all eyes are naturally turned towards that great bastion of white civilisation, South Africa, for some sign that things aren't quite as preposterous as we're told. To no avail, unfortunately — all we can come up with is the silliest story since their customs officials banned the import of *Black Beauty*.

It seems that in deepest, darkest Johannesburg, the Alexander Theatre's current production of *Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs* was somewhat inconvenienced by the arrest of two of the dwarfs, **Dan Sebegodi** and **Lulu Tesheola**, for possession of a copy of *The Life Of Steve Biko*. The director, Mr **Hannibal Wynne**, announced with some regret that he and his stage manager, **Harry Beach**, would "have to play Bashful and Happy, although both of us are over six feet tall".

OH, DO PUT IT AWAY!

One of the people in this photo won Daen's $1000 Lovely Legs Quest. We leave you to guess which one. Our money is on lovely Clarissa Warwick (18) of Sydney. The person on the right, who should remain nameless, is none other than *Australian Playboy*'s managing editor Peter Olszewski, whose age we're not allowed to reveal. [*Say what? — Ed*]

If you manage to snap something ridiculous or notice an outrageous piece in your local paper, we'll pay $25 for anything we can use. Contributions to: After Hours, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Dear Bettina: *I read somewhere that it is dangerous to blow air into the vagina but I have never seen anything about risks of doing it to the penis. Perhaps we are the only ones who have ever thought of doing such a thing.*

It wasn't as if we planned it, it just happened one day when my girlfriend was sucking me off. Usually she will kiss and blow air on the penis to get me warmed up before she gets into any sort of rhythmic sucking, but this time, instead of blowing air over the penis, she actually blew right into the opening at the tip. It felt rather strange but I must say I liked it and we were both most surprised at the noise made by the air escaping from the penis when she stopped.

Next we tried first blowing and then I quickly inserted my penis into her vagina so that the air could escape there. It was quite a lark, but afterwards I found myself wondering if it had been a stupid thing to do. What do you think?

— Mr W.C., Vic.

The opening you mention is the entrance to the urethra (the tube which carries both urine and semen) and what your girlfriend is doing is distending that tube with air. There is a sphincter valve up near the prostate which should keep the air from going into the bladder unless she blows with great pressure. If the lining of the urethra is intact, the only possible danger would be from infections that could be transferred from her mouth. But it is also possible that somewhere in the lining of the urethra there could be a slight tear and this is where the real danger lies. Through such a tear it is theoretically possible that air could enter the surrounding tissues or get into the low pressure venous system. An open vein could carry air as an embolism to the heart. It is an unlikely event but a potentially lethal complication. In all, blowing air into the penis or vagina is probably best avoided.

My husband is the only male I have ever seen naked. I was a virgin when we met three years ago, and have been married a little over a year.

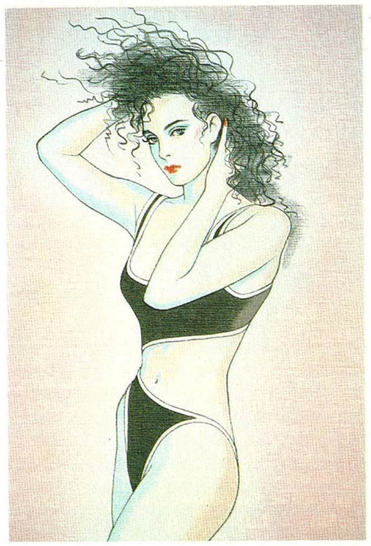
My question concerns my husband's testicles. They seem to change in size and position when he's sexually excited. Is this normal? I haven't really liked to ask him about it because we are still rather shy about talking about sex and I don't want him to think that I think he is weird or anything.

— Ms M.C., ACT.

Yes, it certainly is normal for the scrotum to change during the male's sexual response cycle. When a man starts to become sexually excited the skin ridges of the scrotum, the sac which holds the testicles, start to smooth out. Blood fills the vessels in the testicles, causing them to increase in size, usually by 50 percent or more. In some men sexual excitement causes the testicles to double in size.

Then, as sexual stimulation continues, the testicles begin to draw up closer to the body. As they elevate, they also rotate forward so that their back surfaces rest in contact with the perineum — the area between the scrotum and the anus. After the man ejaculates the testicles move back to their former position and resume their normal size.

This drawing-up of the testicles is one of the signs that a male is about to ejaculate. If the testicles are prevented from rising, he is not able to climax. Some therapists have used this interesting physiological fact to develop techniques to help men learn to delay ejaculation. If the male (or his partner) holds the testicles down when they start to rise, it is often possible to postpone the urge to ejaculate and regain control. In fact if you look in the sex shops you will find there are scrotal rings available for holding the testicles down throughout lovemaking. You have to be careful using such gadgets to avoid damage to the scrotum. It is important to allow for the expansion in size which will occur during excitement and it is never a good idea to apply tight pressure to any part of the delicate genital equipment. There are even men who have discovered it is possible to trap the testicles in place between their legs as a means of retaining control over ejaculation. When it comes to sex, there is no end to the inventiveness of the human mind!



I do hope that eventually you will find yourself able to chat about such matters. You can learn a lot about how to please your partner by talking and exchanging information about how bodies work. Sexual curiosity can lead on to all sorts of delightful discoveries.

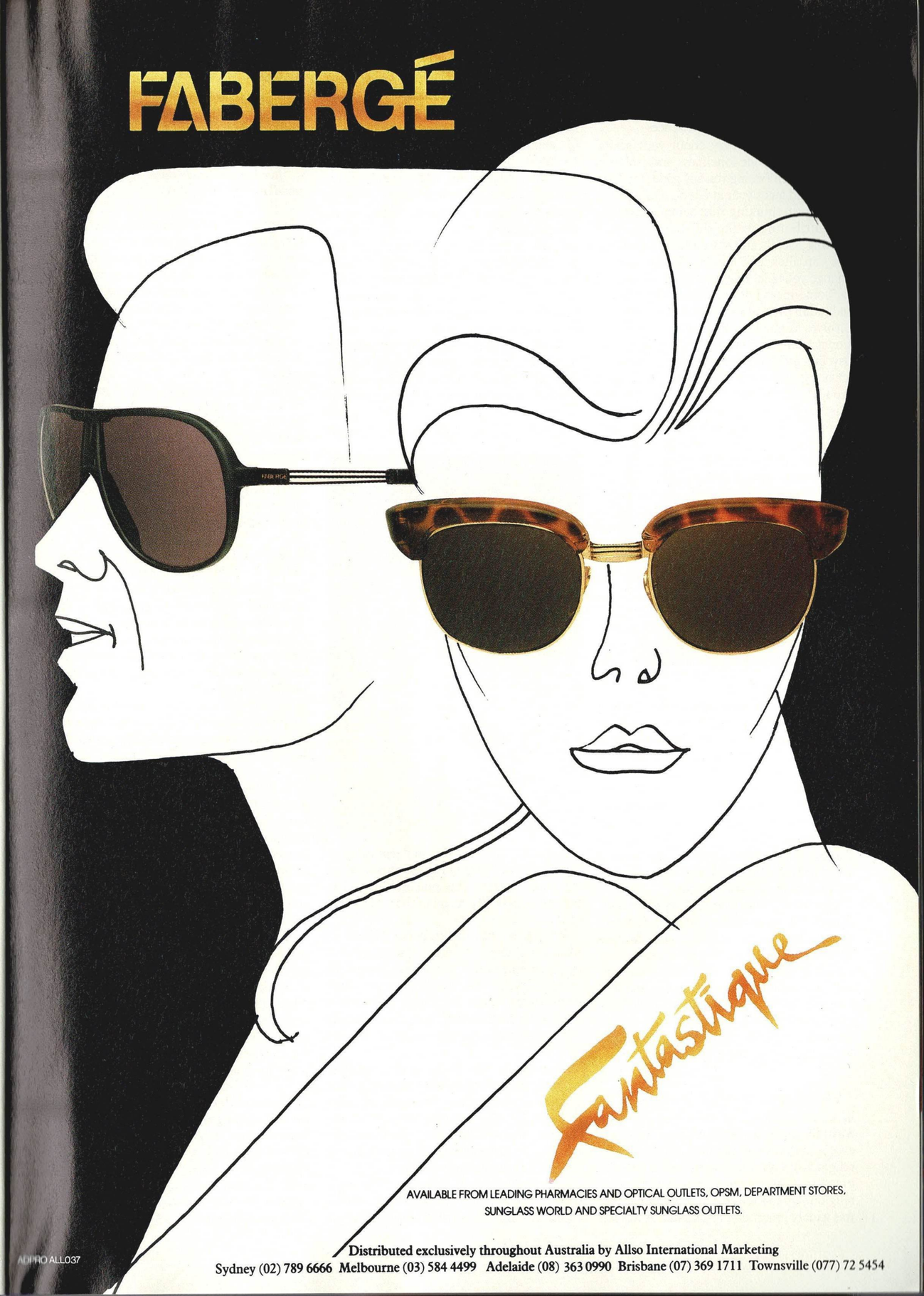
I am 20 years old and I masturbate, sometimes twice a day. I am still a virgin, have no girlfriends, no close friends and don't go out very much. I get very lonely sometimes so I pretend that I am having sex with a pretend girlfriend. I live with my parents who have strong religious beliefs. Would being conscious of my parents' beliefs and being lonely cause this to happen to me?

I also occasionally have wet dreams. I think about sex a fair bit of the time and quickly gain an erection. Yet if I talk to women, look at nude pictures of women or even sit next to women, most of the times I don't get aroused, just when I think of sex. I want to have a girlfriend but I worry that being overweight and my masturbation will affect my performance in bed. The reason I think loneliness is the cause of my worries is that if I'm heavily occupied I don't think of sex, I don't masturbate and I don't pretend to have sex.

— Mr F.M., NSW.

I'm sure you are right in assuming that you are more absorbed by sexual fantasies because you are lonely but there's really nothing wrong with what you have been doing. Most males of your age masturbate frequently (twice a day certainly isn't unusual and many boys masturbate even more often), most males fantasise about making love to a make-believe woman or someone they have seen who captures their imagination. It is also healthy and normal to find yourself gaining erections when you think about sex but that doesn't mean you need necessarily respond to nude pictures and so on. There is a great variation between men in the circumstances they find arousing and certainly the pattern you describe is far from unusual.

Your parents' beliefs are no doubt contributing to the guilt and anxiety you are experiencing about this behavior. You do not spell out whether they have specifically warned you against masturbation or perhaps you just assume they would regard this as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sinful behavior. Either way you should realise that the majority of equally religious people do take a more lenient view of such matters and the chances are that your own father went through much the same experiences.

So I wouldn't worry about your sexual practices but your loneliness and isolation certainly aren't doing you any good. It is here you should focus your attention. Perhaps you are right in thinking that being overweight is contributing to the difficulty you have making friends and since this is something you can alter, it is a good place to start to change your life. I suggest you look around for some means of embarking on a weight reduction program — preferably one which involves as much social contact as possible. Contact your local health clinics, community psychology clinics, health clubs and see if anyone is running weight-reduction support groups. The reason I suggest a group like this is it may be a very good opportunity for you to meet other people, particularly girls. Usually such groups attract far more females than males and so you will be in a great position to meet some suitable girlfriends.

You may also be able to find a counsellor or psychologist who could work with you to help you gain more confidence and social skills. If your parents disapprove of this sort of thing, you may have to do it alone. Depending on how supportive they are, you may be better off thinking about leaving home. You are certainly old enough to look after yourself and if you were to share accommodation with some other young people, you might be able to develop a whole new circle of friends.

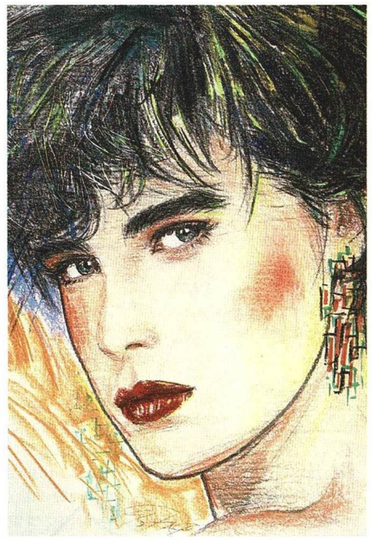
My wife is pregnant with her first child and we have discovered through tests that she is having a boy. This has led to much discussion between us about whether we should have our son circumcised. I had always assumed that this was the natural thing to do. I am circumcised, as were all the boys in my family. My wife tells me that most of her sexual experience has been with circumcised men — in fact she used to say that she thought the uncircumcised penis looked really strange. "I'd never go down on a man with one of those," she once said.

But now she seems to have changed her tune. She said her doctor told her that it was better not to have him done, that most boys nowadays are left uncircumcised and that it's healthier that way. I'm not sure about all this but I had basically decided that we'd go that way, and then I read something in the newspaper saying that some expert thought that uncircumcised men were more likely to get AIDS. That's enough to push me the other way. What do you think?

— Mr T.K., Qld.

Well, your wife's doctor is certainly right in arguing that most baby boys born in Australia are now being left uncircumcised except in the case of families with particular religious or cultural reasons to continue the practice — such as members of the Jewish religion. Up to a few years ago, circumcision was widely practised in Australia. It was felt it was more hygienic to be circumcised and many families were concerned about uncircumcised boys feeling different from their dads if they were to leave them in their natural state. The change was largely a result of medical research showing that with adequate hygiene there was very little evidence suggesting that circumcision resulted in fewer medical problems. Since the procedure carries risks to the health of the new-born baby, most of the medical profession now believe the procedure can no longer be justified. As for the argument that it's best for the boy to look like his dad, now that most boys are left uncircumcised, a boy growing up today is more likely to be seen as unusual if he has the operation than goes without it.

As for the AIDS issue, there certainly have been some reports suggesting that uncircumcised men may be more susceptible to transmission of the AIDS virus. The mucosal inner layer of the foreskin is delicate and easily abraded, and this could increase the



risk that the AIDS virus could gain entry to the man's body through a skin break. When the penis is erect, this mucosal lining can represent up to 50 percent of the surface area of the shaft.

Writing in the *New England Journal Of Medicine,* Aaron J. Fink, a Californian urologist, commented: "It has been known for many years and has recently been documented again in studies in venereal disease clinics that both genital herpes and syphilis are more common in uncircumcised men."

There have been similar comments from medical experts published elsewhere but despite such speculation, as far as I am aware there has been no adequate research on the subject. We will all have to wait and see whether such theories stand up to thorough scientific investigation.

Overall, I believe the case can still be made that the health risks associated with circumcision outweigh any possible benefit. But you may like to go together to your doctor to hear his views on the issue, particularly in the light of the latest AIDS speculation.

When I get an erection during lovemaking, my feet become very cold. They don't get warm again until 10 minutes or so after I ejaculate. Is this a sign I have poor circulation?

— Mr F.B., WA.

Hmmm, many people get cold feet before sex, but to have it happen during sex, that's a new twist! During sexual excitement blood is diverted from other parts of the body towards the genitals where it is used to create your erection. This process can lower the temperature in other extremities of the body such as the feet or hands. But it may also be that you do have problems with your circulation.

There is a circulatory deficiency called the Leriche Syndrome which can produce not only cold feet but also loss of erection, weakness of the legs, blue coloration of the feet and sparseness of hair on the legs. The next time you go to the doctor it may be worth mentioning your unusual symptom to him to see if he feels there is any need for further investigation.

When I have oral sex with my girlfriend, her pubic hair catches in my braces. I know it sounds pretty funny but it really does cause problems — namely she gets pissed off with me and then doesn't want to do anything further. I have only to wear them for another year — I hope — so eventually we will get through this hassle, but in the meantime I was wondering if you have any ideas?

My girlfriend isn't interested in shaving. She has done it once and found it was real itchy when it was growing back and she found it hard to keep it smooth without getting rashes.

— Mr F.H., Tas.

Some time ago I read some advice given by a dentist to a guy with a similar problem. The specialist recommended the use of a thin plastic shield which fits over the teeth and is hinged at the back to permit free movement of the jaws and tongue. Apparently this gadget is used by players of football and other contact sports to protect the mouth from injury by the braces.

Incidentally, this isn't the only oral sex problem caused by dental appliances. False teeth can also get in the way during oral lovemaking although I have also had letters from people who claim that removable dentures are a real oral asset. I remember one particular elderly couple where the man waxed lyrical about the joys of being sucked off by his toothless wife!

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy,* P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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Money

You've just landed in Sydney, back home after a terrific overseas holiday. The only thing standing between you and a much-needed shower is a steely-eyed customs agent. He looks at you for what seems a long time and then asks you to open your suitcases. Will you survive his scrutiny?

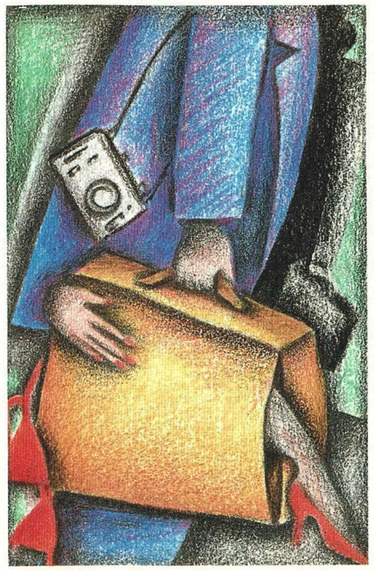
Wise travellers begin planning for this moment before they leave home, and a good place to start is with the brochures produced by Customs. If you have not been out of the country for a while, prepare yourself for a shock. The previous regulations which permitted all personal effects to enter Australia duty-free have been rescinded.

Since July 1987, adult travellers (those over 18) have been restricted to a duty-free allowance of $400. If the total amount you spend exceeds this threshold, you are liable for duty and sales tax on the excess. The duty-free limit not only applies to goods purchased overseas but it also includes anything you buy at Australian duty-free shops and bring back with you.

Four hundred dollars doesn't go very far nowadays. But there is a way to import more expensive items and still escape duty — get married and have kids. Children under 18, even infants in nappies, are allowed half the adult allowance. So a family of two adults and two children has a combined duty-free threshold of $1200. By pooling their individual allowances, they can bring back a $1200 video recorder while the single traveller can barely manage to squeeze in a portable TV.

In addition to the $400 allowance there are several other concessions. Adults can bring back one duty-free litre of alcohol, a carton of cigarettes or 250 grams of tobacco. In addition, personal clothing (except furs) is exempt from duty. A recent traveller was tempted to use this exemption to make a little extra money. He returned to Australia with suitcases bulging with silk ties to sell to his friends in Australia. Unfortunately, he was unaware that the exemption granted to clothing does not apply to "commercial quantities" of clothing, which attract duty at the standard rate. After paying the duty, the budding entrepreneur's profits disappeared.

If you spend more than a year abroad, you may be able to import some personal effects such as furniture. You can also get a reduction in duty on a car used overseas for more than 15 months. Some items are prohibited no matter how long you have owned them. These include drugs, firearms, food, plants, and (take special note) indecent films and literature. The punishment for attempting to import any of these items is steep, too steep for any sane person to even want to try.



Touchdown Australia! Don't look suspicious, don't make a fuss, and observe the limit.

Falsifying receipts or other documents to make goods appear to be worth less than they really are is equally foolish. Customs agents are not easily fooled. They have detailed price lists for such popular items as Swiss watches and Irish linen. Inspectors also have a sharp eye for spotting replaced labels — a sure sign of hanky panky.

Not everyone who returns to Australia undergoes a Customs inspection. Some victims are picked at random; others because their behavior is suspicious. (Carry in a fur coat in the middle of summer and you are just asking for it.) Nervous or argumentative travellers will also get searched. If you are caught trying to avoid duty, your goods can be confiscated and sold at auction. And you can be fined. Appeals are possible but you will incur substantial legal fees. These are likely to be higher than the duty you were attempting to avoid.

While you are not required to pay duty on items that you owned before leaving the country, this may be required if you cannot prove prior ownership. One way to do this is to carry original sales slips and receipts along on your trip. An alternative is to register the item with Customs before you leave the country. This is not necessary for most of your possessions but it may be worth while for relatively new and expensive items such as a video camera.

The best way to save money legally on overseas purchases is to shop wisely. There is something about shopping in foreign countries that makes otherwise rational individuals begin to foam at the mouth and lose all sense of proportion. Airport duty-free shops seem particularly tempting.

There is no doubt that they are convenient and many carry a large selection of quality merchandise, but few airport duty-free shops offer real bargains, for two main reasons. First, only a few items in the typical duty-free shop attract any duty in the first place. It should be obvious, for example, that anything manufactured in the country of purchase is not charged duty. Second, prices are higher at the airport duty-free than elsewhere because of high rents charged at the airport.

So the best place to buy a camera in Tokyo is not at their airport but in ordinary downtown discount shops. Similarly, Irish linen is cheaper in Dublin than at the legendary Shannon duty-free.

One of the best places to buy duty-free is right here in Australia. Our city duty-free shops are among the cheapest in the world. Scotch whisky, for example, costs less in Australian duty-free shops than in the United Kingdom — the place where it is ostensibly manufactured. (Forget Australian *airport* shops for the reasons already mentioned.)

All you need to shop duty-free in Australia is a valid airline ticket and a little time. You can shop up to a year before your trip but you cannot pick up items until 48 hours prior to departure, and anything you buy must leave the country with you. You may bring your goods back with you when you return but you will be liable to pay duty if their value exceeds $400.

Buying goods here also gives you the benefit of local guarantee. If you do buy overseas be sure that your goods are covered by an international guarantee or you will pay dearly to have things fixed when they break.

If you want your holiday to end on as happy a note as it began, face the Customs agent with a clear conscience. Keep your bills straight, tell the truth and pay any duty you owe; it isn't likely to amount to much. And look on the bright side. There is considerably more room in the overhead luggage compartments now that people can no longer bring home all those duty-free televisions, stereos and VCRs. — SETH GREGORY

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Normally, Brendan is mild-mannered, the soul of consideration. But when we rented some hard-core pornography, he became a monster. I stood with him in the video shop dead with embarrassment, while he went raging through the tapes and barking orders. "Hold this," he said, "and this, and this!"

And pretty soon I was clutching a tower of filth. He narrowed the booty down to three tapes and made me do the hiring. I had to say "*Dickman And Throbbin*" out loud to another human being. Loud enough for the gay guys renting *Rear Entry* and everyone else to hear.

"I should kill you for making me do that," I told Brendan outside.

"Listen," he said, "you wanted the complete smut experience." Which is true, I did, which is why I invited five male heterosexuals over to my house to watch. I wanted to be a female fly on the wall.

What to feed them, I wondered, a fluttering hostess. Peanuts and beer, like at a football game? Genitalia-shaped objects? Tacos and frankfurts? They didn't care. Brendan and Jerry, very excited, stuffed themselves while arguing about blow jobs. Philip, arch and detached, wouldn't eat. Mel, fidgety and quiet, had a bit of chicken. Johnny, an inscrutable Oriental, declined even drink. I popped the first tape, *The Opening Of Misty Beethoven,* into the VCR.

"This is going to be good, a classic," said Brendan, watching, "Fucking Paris! I rest my case."

"The lighting's terrible," said Jerry.

"Ugh, the music," said Mel.

"And the camera angles — you can't see anything!" said Jerry, who is such an *aficionado* he brought his VCR along to dub the movies. "Except the herpes on her lip! I can't look!"

Off came *Misty Beethoven,* on came *Three Daughters,* a Femme production, made by women, which everyone liked at first because of the music and the lighting. Then they noticed that nothing was happening on the hard-core front.

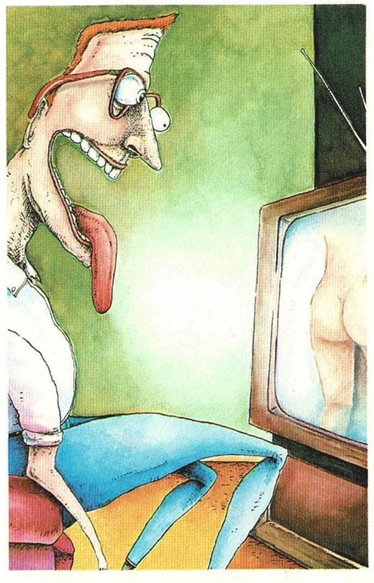
"She's got tiny, tiny tits. Tit size is real important in films," said Jerry.

"Let's fast-forward. Once we see frontal nudity, we'll slow it down," said Brendan impatiently.

"Yuk, those tits," said Jerry. "This is definitely a female film, notice she's the one who decides when the dick goes in."

"Also notice that there's not a giant dick in her arsehole," said Brendan.

"They're showing pictures of make-up and china! What is this, *Family Circle* on video?" said Jerry.



I just watched porno with five hetero guys and I never want to have sex again.

"Phil Donahue and Mike Willesee watch this one," said Philip.

"I have better at home," said Johnny.

"I'd rather watch sport," said Mel.

They fast-forwarded. They were intent and feverish and hardly noticed me, which was fine, for I was becoming queasy.

"Vibrators for women and home porno for guys," said Brendan during the tape change, "watersheds in beating-off history."

During *Dickman And Throbbin,* a major fight broke out. I wanted to hear the dialogue, Philip and Jerry wanted a bit of foreplay. Johnny didn't care. Mel hated the whole thing because it was shot on video and Brendan wanted to charge through, stopping only at the straight fucking. Jerry grabbed the remote and was the victor.

"Got any bikkies?" Brendan queried plaintively.

"I've watched scenes from *Ebony Humpers* 20 or 30 times," said Jerry.

"Come shot!" screamed Philip.

"Yes, yes!" shouted Mel.

"Not much come," muttered Johnny.

"Probably coughed up a few wads already today. Do you think there was a fluffer involved in this production?" asked Philip.

"Got any milk?" asked Jerry.

They didn't like the mailman. "Bag defect!" intoned Brendan.

"We can't look at deformed scrota," explained Jerry.

But they were amazed by John Holmes. "That's sizeable," said Philip. "That looks like a prototype for a lot of dildos. Perfect veining."

"Throbbin's not exactly small, either," said Johnny.

"With him, they usually have to leave three inches or so of dick outside," said Brendan. "His dick could split a girl in half. How many drugs did they have to give her to do this?"

"Maybe it's a stunt dick," said Philip.

"What? In the middle of everything, they quote from the back of a ginseng bottle?" said Mel.

"Goes to show they're ignorant white people," said Johnny. "Oh, I like that. Women are very good at faking it."

I noticed that I had had my hand in front of my eyes for about 10 minutes. John Holmes had frightened me. I took my hand away and noticed that the fellows were all sitting cross-legged, drinking milk and eating biscuits. Brendan was actually dunking his biscuits into his milk.

"There is beer available," I said. They didn't want any.

"Oh! Between the tits!" said Mel.

"Pearl necklace!" said Philip.

"The tits aren't big enough," grumbled Jerry.

"They're human tits, fuckhead," said Brendan, "they're not from the planet Tit."

They fast-forwarded. "Hold it!" shouted Jerry. "What was that? Oh, never mind. I thought there was one in her arse."

Then they got all excited about an NH blow job. No hands. Very appealing. They then admired a girl's pointy arse. Then they decided they liked the green knickers better than the beige, which bunched. Then Brendan fell asleep, Johnny started reading a magazine, Philip and Mel started discussing football.

"No matter how good it is, have you noticed it's never good enough?" said Jerry as he packed up his machine.

I felt like a den mother, watching my friends regress to voyeur boys. It was almost sweet, their simple fascination with the purely visual, with the pointy arses and the breast sizes.

But as for me, I'm never showing my body to anyone again. Which is okay, because after seeing these films, I never want to have sex again. Ever. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

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First things first: they are *always* trying to frighten us. Take that as a given. No news affects us more deeply than news about our health and longevity, and the media lean on that fact in all seasons. What better way to get us to read the newspapers, buy the magazines, watch the TV reports, than to try to scare us? "You might die any day now from this disease we're telling you about," they say, "but if you listen to us, there's a chance — just a chance — you'll be okay." It's great for ad sales and ratings, not so great for us.

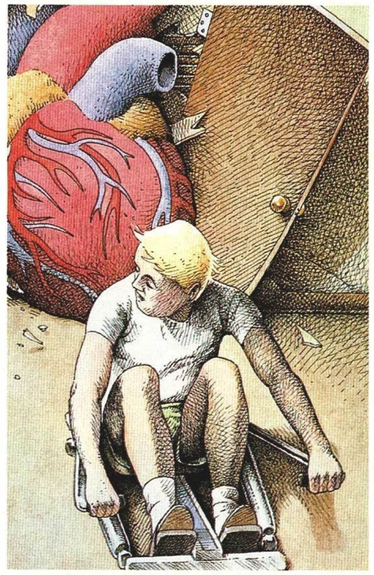
They got us with AIDS. We consumed the screaming headlines and TV specials. We suffered years of hysterical reporting (*Playboy* being one of the few exceptions) that spared none of us and injected hyperfear into the national sexual imagination.

Anxiety is a growth industry. It perpetuates itself, and the media know it. They pry open our minds with the chisel of fear and walk around in our brains and rearrange the furniture. Supposedly, in the case of the AIDS reporting, they were helping us. Actually, they were manipulating us with one-sided war stories that exponentially exaggerated the threat of the disease to heterosexuals. Only now, after almost a decade of hand-wringing and doomsday predictions, is some sanity coming back into the discussion.

From the front page of *The New York Times* recently: "As the AIDS epidemic moves into its eighth year in the United States, the evidence grows ever stronger that the much-feared explosive invasion of the general population is not occurring, and never will. . . 'we do not expect any explosion into the heterosexual population,' Dr. Otis R. Bowen, Secretary of Health and Human Services, said last month, in a striking shift in views. Only a year ago he warned that the disease was 'rapidly spreading' to the wider population and would ultimately make the Black Plague. . . 'seem pale by comparison'. "

Oh, I see. Now we are free to enjoy sex again? Now we can dig ourselves out of the AIDS shelters we've constructed in our exploited consciousness? And where do we go to collect a refund for all the scare stories we bought that are now being dismissed as apocalyptic? What is the statute of limitations for prosecution of those who yell plague in a crowded world?

Don't assume we'll be left alone now that the AIDS story is passing by. Health hysteria never sleeps. How could it? There are still newspapers and magazines and television spots to sell. What's next? What's next is heart disease. We're being inundated with coronary cautions. It's a particularly



As AIDS hysteria subsides, don't be scared by heart disease — you can cope!

hazardous curveball for the male, because in this case the anxiety and fear created by the hysteria can contribute to the disease itself. And it's a classic double bind. The melodramatic treatment of the news adds to the stress that we're told is harming us.

As is often the case, the people who are trying to scare us are not our friends, even though they pose as such. The sooner we recognise that and take steps to protect ourselves from them, the better. I've got some specific survival advice that boils down to two simple thoughts:

1) Whatever they tell you, don't go nuts; we've read a lot about heart disease, we've absorbed the information, we know generally what we should be doing to prevent it, and there's no need to pay heed to all the hypesters out there who are preying on our anxiety;

2) Several times a week, you should eat soup instead of a full meal and you'll probably find yourself losing a little weight and staying nourished. I'm no expert, but I've thought about the problem, and I'm here to help, not hype.

So here it is, from nuts to soup:

1) *Don't go nuts.* You know and I know a lot about the problem. We don't have to pay attention to every so-called health reporter who whispers alarms in our ear. The rules are well-defined: eat a low-fat diet, stop smoking, drink only in moderation, don't load up on caffeine, take an aspirin every other day (with a doctor's okay), exercise aerobically several times each week (*after* you get a physical exam), control the stress in your life as much as you can. We're not talking about the mysteries of Delphi here, gentlemen. The news is out and we know what we're supposed to do. After that, it's up to self-discipline, genetics and circumstance to determine our longevity. Life has its risks, and we'd be bored out of our gourd if it didn't. So shape up, seize the day, and enjoy a mental attitude that avoids the hypochondria being sold on just about every street corner.

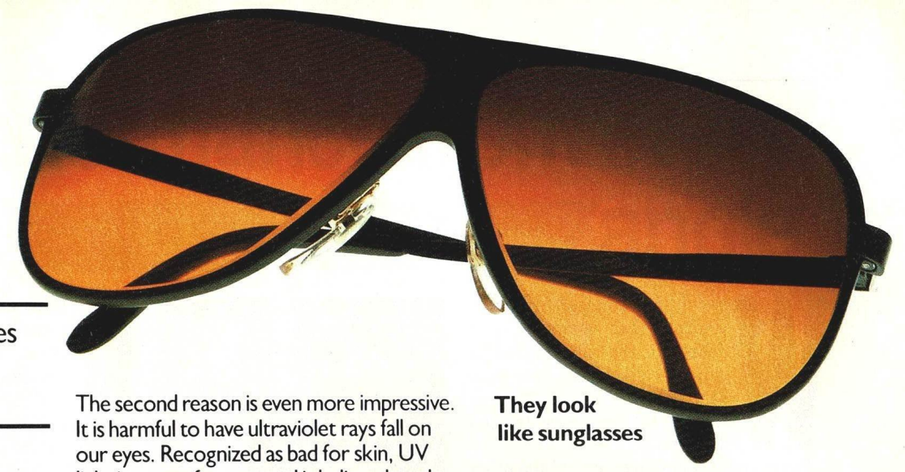
2) *Eat soup.* I made a great discovery a few years ago. Most restaurants serve soup. Isn't that amazing? You don't have to order steak or lobster for lunch and you don't have to nibble on rabbit food! You can order a big bowl of soup. And then I made another discovery. I can make soup at home! Healthy, nutritious, inexpensive soup that makes an excellent replacement for a main meal on the days when I have lots of energy — or the days when I feel heavy and out of shape. I make a great lentil soup. Here's the recipe:

Rinse and boil 500gm of lentils in four litres of water, add a sliced brown onion, garlic, celery, carrots, small potatoes, leeks, parsley, one bay leaf, a pinch of dry mustard; let it simmer for a couple of hours, strain if so desired and eat it with dark bread. It's one hell of a meal.

Over time, we're going to think and work and play our way out of heart disease. We know where it comes from and we know how we'll beat it. Our forefathers did not lead sedentary lives, but we've been caught in a time warp. In the wink of an evolutionary eye, men have been asked to go from hunter to computer jockey, from tribesman to office bureaucrat, from scavenger to couch potato. Time has challenged us more than it has women. The role changes demanded of us have been greater, and our bodies have not always been able to change as rapidly as our lifestyles. But guess what? We understand that. And we're doing something about it, so cut the doom and gloom, the dire predictions, the media mesmerism.

Here's to a vigorous life for all of us, a life in which we sweat hard, eat lightly, love fiercely, hunt shrewdly, live long. And may we also learn to ignore the siren call of the health hysterics. The lives we save will be our own. — ASA BABER

Vision Breakthrough



When I put on the pair of glasses what I saw I could not believe. Nor will you.

By Dan Presser

I am about to tell you a true story. If you believe me, you will be well rewarded. If you don't believe me, I will make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

Len is a friend of mine who knows good products. One day he called excited about a pair of sunglasses he owned. "It's so incredible," he said, "when you first look through a pair, you won't believe it."

"What will I see?" I asked. "What could be so incredible?"

Len continued, "When you put on these glasses, your vision improves. Objects appear sharper, more defined. Everything takes on an enhanced 3-D effect. And it's not my imagination. I just want you to see for yourself.

COULDN'T BELIEVE EYES

When I received the sunglasses and put them on I couldn't believe my eyes. I kept taking them off and putting them on to see if indeed what I was seeing was indeed actually sharper or if my imagination was playing tricks on me. But my vision improved. It was obvious. I kept putting on my $300 pair of sunglasses and comparing them. They didn't compare. I was very impressed. Everything appeared sharper, more defined and indeed had a greater three dimensional look to it. But what did this product do that made my vision so much better? I found out.

The sunglasses (called Blu-Blockers) filter out the ultraviolet and blue spectrum light waves from the sun. You've often heard the colour blue used for expressions of bad moods such as "blue Monday" or "I have the blues." Apparently, the colour blue, for centuries, has been considered a rather depressing colour.

For eyesight, blue is not a good colour too. There are several reasons. First the blue rays have one of the shortest wavelengths in the visible spectrum (red is the longest). As a result, the colour blue will focus slightly in front of the retina which is the "focusing screen" in your eye. By blocking the blue from the sunlight through a special filtration process, and only letting those rays through that indeed focus clearly on the retina, objects appear to be sharper and clearer.

The second reason is even more impressive. It is harmful to have ultraviolet rays fall on our eyes. Recognized as bad for skin, UV light is worse for eyes and is believed to play a role in many of today's eye diseases. In addition, people with contact lenses are at greater risk because contacts tend to magnify the light thus increasing the sun's harmful effects.

SUNGLASS DANGER

Finally, by eliminating the blue and UV light during the day, your night vision improves. The purple pigment in your eye, called Rhodopsin, is affected by blue and ultraviolet light and the eyes can take hours to recover from the damage.

But what really surprised me was the danger in conventional sunglasses. Our pupils close in bright light to limit the light entering the eye and open wider at night like the lens of an automatic camera. So when we put on sunglasses, although we reduce the amount of light that enters our eyes, our pupils open wider and we allow more of the harmful blue and ultraviolet light into our eyes.

DON'T BE CONFUSED

I'm often asked by people who read this, "Do those Blu-Blockers really work?" They really do and please give me the opportunity to prove it. I guarantee each pair of Blu-Blockers to perform exactly as I described.

Blu-Blocker sunglasses use ophthalmic-quality CR-39 lenses with a hard anti-scratch coating. Over 85 percent of all doctors' prescriptions are now filled with CR-39. No shortcuts were taken.

The black, lightweight anodized aluminium frame is one of the most comfortable I have ever worn and compares with many of the $200 pairs you can buy from France or Italy.

The weakest link in any pair of glasses is the hinge. So there's a precision two-way tension hinge that not only bends when you close the pair, but is spring-loaded to bend outward too. You get a completely flexible frame that will comfortably contour to any size face.

There are also two other models. One is a clip-on pair that weighs less than one ounce and fits over presciption lenses and the second is a precision-moulded plastic frame that looks identical to the aluminium model but without the tension hinge. All models include a padded carrying case and a one-year limited warranty.

They look like sunglasses

I urge you to order a pair and experience your improved vision. Then take your old sunglasses and compare them to the Blue-Blocker sunglasses. So how much clearer and sharper objects appear with the Blu-Blocker pair. And see if your night vision doesn't improve as a direct result. If you don't see a dramatic difference in your vision – one so noticeable that you can tell immediately, then send them back any time within 30 days and I will send you a prompt and courteous refund.

DRAMATIC DIFFERENCE

But from what I've personally witnessed, once you wear a pair, there will be no way you'll want to return it.

Pilots, golfers, hunters, athletes and anyone who spends a great deal of time in the sun, who drives a car or who just wants to protect their vision – all will find Blu-Blocker sunglasses indispensable.

Our eyes are very important to us. Protect them and at the same time improve your vision with the most incredible breakthrough in sunglasses since they were first introduced. Order a pair or two at no obligation, today.

— MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY —

JS&A National Sales Group
Private Bag 1, P.O. Surrey Hills, Vic. 3127.
Phone (03) 836 2055.

Yes, I would love to order a pair of BLU-BLOCKERS Sunglasses:

Polarized Deluxe Price	$149.95 + P&H $5.95	☐
Aluminium Frame	$99.95 + P&H $5.95	☐
Plastic Frame	$59.95 + P&H $5.95	☐
Clip-On	$49.95 + P&H $5.95	☐

Payment details: ☐ Cheque ☐ Money Order
☐ Credit card: type _____ No. _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____

Allow 45 days for delivery

JS&A

When I was younger, so much younger than today, I held fishing in the same regard in which I held old men who wore hats while driving — both activities I deemed to be eccentric and dangerous.

Hemingway, Zane Grey and all the other rod-tuggers of literary note notwithstanding, it was my belief that a man who saw a body of water and yearned to stand by it for endless hours while holding a pole was nothing less than seriously maladjusted, and possibly even psychotic with a schoolmasterly fixation.

In my considered, sporting opinion, a body of water was for splashing in, floating on, riding, driving or skiing upon. You could look at it, study its changing moods as much as you liked, but only as a preamble to carving the shit out of it with your bare hands or a piece of plastic.

Times change. I live now on a piece of uncertain clay wedged between two great bodies of water, one of them the Pacific Ocean.

But for a thin band of highway I am surrounded by water. I own a variety of pieces of plastic designed specifically to disturb the natural flow of the water, but an invitation to go surfing on any but the most placid of days I take as a deliberate and calculated insult to my manhood.

Now I watch the wind and the tides and stealthily in the early morning or late at night I putter my little outboard along the rock ledges, drop anchor and wait, for hours at a time, with a pole in my hands.

Sick, isn't it?

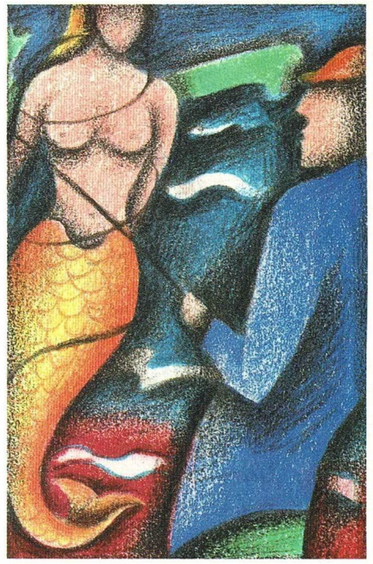
Sometimes I find it difficult to believe my own conversion. Can I really be a fishing freak? Am I really driving down to the wharf at an hour I used to associate with last call at the pub?

And do I want my fingers to smell like this permanently?

My disbelief is compounded by the fact that I am so far a very ordinary fisherman. That's okay, for 20 years I was a very ordinary surfer, but in fishing an ordinary performance is characterised by sunburn, low spirits and an empty stomach. String a few of those together and you can really begin to wonder what the hell you are doing with your leisure.

There is a certain kind of fishing kook, of course, who will try and explain the zen of the sport — how you're not meant to win every time, how the hunt is enhanced by the equality of terms on which the hunter meets the hunted.

Pure bullshit.



As my surfboard moulders I hear the siren song of the fishing reel. Sick, isn't it?

I draw the line at dynamite, but just about anything else is fair play. And as for tagging and releasing, forget it. I go fishing to haul carcasses on the deck in the name of sport and to feed a family.

One thing I've learned from our Asian brothers is if it's too small for the pan it'll be great soup.

But at fishing, as I say, I am not a great success. I persevere and I have had my days, but I am not and never will be a champion angler.

So why am I telling you this? Because in fishing it is okay not to be a champion. In fact there are no champions. Go on, name an Australian fishing champion. Fishing is one of the few sports left in this world where peer pressure is almost non-existent, where one's position in the hierarchy is determined by tolerance to alcohol and the ability to tell falsehoods.

I know that there are fishing clubs and fishing competitions, of course, but no one, least of all the competitors, takes them seriously.

In this sense, fishing is the ultimate anti-sport. If sport is all about matching your skills and athletic prowess against that of your fellows, and then all measuring your achievement in terms of the ability of a superhero freak, then fishing surely must be its antithesis.

The marlin millionaires may have as their goal some incredible weight hauled in with the aid of high technology and several strapping deckhands, but the guy who goes after flathead in the estuary is not trying to win or even impress. He fishes for fun and all he asks is that the goddamn fish bite the hook occasionally.

People play golf for fun too, but every time they hook a shot they hate themselves because the gap between them and Greg Norman is so painfully obvious. And social tennis players are even worse. Try to talk to a guy who's double-faulted his way out of a set backwards.

It's not his loss that concerns him, it's the sad realisation that his performance was so far away from the standard dictated by the champions.

Don't get me wrong. Competing is fine, competing is probably good for you: as on the playing field so it is in life, and all that. I just find it comforting, particularly at this time of year when we have four kinds of football rammed down our necks and beefy, overpaid heroes staring at us from inside our breakfast cereal packets, for Christ's sake, to know that I can fish without keeping score, without feeling I've actually got to try and beat somebody else.

But fishing is not all beer and prawns. It is frequently uncomfortable, time-consuming and I don't find it particularly relaxing.

It can also be extremely expensive and frustrating.

I have invested a lot of money in my first brown trout, so far still at large. I have listened to the sickeningly expensive roar of the twin motors of a shark cat as it purred between clumps of Barrier Reef totally devoid of fish.

Worse, I have reeled like a bastard and hauled mighty weights on deck, only to identify them as the inedible sucker fish, or the incongruously beautiful chinaman throbbing with ciguatera poisoning in its flesh. No dinner there for the wife and kids I'm sorry to say.

For all that, fishing has me by the short and curlies. Not yet middle-aged, [*but very close to it! — Ed*] I have become a water watcher of the worst kind.

I haven't actually sunk as far as wearing a hat while driving but it can only be a matter of time. I can be just as eccentric and dangerous as the next old sod.

— PHIL JARRATT

ILLUSTRATION BY KERRIE LEISHMAN

Performance from every angle

Tyrolia Total Diagonal Release System— the sum of current design and manufacturing technology. Tyrolia's patented Diagonal Release Heel is the only true step-in heel that releases ***diagonally*** for greater protection in ***forward*** twisting falls. At the toe, Tyrolia's low mass, light weight, ***spring pincer*** design provides optimum shock absorption with micro-second return-to-center time (RCT) and high return-to-center force (RCF), assuring excellent ski control. The toe's ***Diagonal Reflex*** feature provides additional protection from dangerous ***backward*** twisting falls.

The Tyrolia Total Diagonal System: protection in forward and backward twisting falls, "hands-free" convenience for easy exit and entry, and great looks. Step into Tyrolia, the only binding that looks as good as it performs.

TYROLIA
TOTAL DIAGONAL SYSTEM

Showbiz

After Three Men And A Baby, those little brats are everywhere.

BABIES BOOM. . . AND HOW: It surely can't all be blamed on *Three Men And A Baby*. That delightful smash hit, much maligned by cultural cringe critics simply for not being the French movie it was pinched from, was still in production when the current crop of baby movies was conceived. No way was it a case of jumping on the bandwagon — or even the perambulator. Maybe it was *Raising Arizona*, that 1987 cult movie classic in which Holly Hunter and Nicolas Cage stole a sextuplet. But, undeniably, 1988 is the Year Of The Pooey Nappy as far as the cinema's concerned. *Baby Boom* was bad enough, with **Diane Keaton** as the corporate climber behaving very much like Annie Hall landed with someone else's baby. This ducked the issue by not having her go through the messy process of actually having the baby. But now **John** (*Pretty In Pink*) **Hughes** has weighed in with *She's Having A Baby*, starring **Kevin Bacon** and **Elizabeth McGovern**, which explores every cliche possible about young marrieds, from interfering in-laws and best friends, to her wanting a baby and him not. And if that isn't enough, there's also *Maybe Baby*, which the Australian distributors in their wisdom have renamed *For Keeps* on the not unlikely presumption that we're already a bit sick of the subject. Well, given that it's about young marrieds (**Molly Ringwald** and **Randall Batinkoff**) with even more interfering in-laws, and a baby neither of them is too sure about, they could be right. Molly Ringwald's post-natal depression doesn't exactly inspire joy and light.

●

NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, HAITIAN-STYLE: After all that, it's a relief to settle back and enjoy some good old-fashioned horror (or, as the producers insist, terror) from a master of the genre, **Wes Craven**, the creator of *Nightmare On Elm Street*. In *The Serpent And The Rainbow* he's based his story on **Wade Davis**'s factual account of his experiences in Haiti investigating the phenomenon of zombie-ism. **Bill** (*Spaceballs*) **Pullman** plays the part of the American researcher, with able assistance from **Cathy** (*Mona Lisa*)**Tyson** as the local Haitian psychologist. Visually stunning, and full of the kind of special effects Craven is renowned for, *The Serpent And The Rainbow* is nevertheless reminiscent of the old black and white **Val Lewton** terror classics so beloved of late-night TV addicts.

●

The Serpent And The Rainbow: Torchlight procession to a voodoo ceremony in Duvalier's terror-ridden Haiti.

NEWSBREAKS: **Tim Rice**, former partner of **Andrew Lloyd Webber**, is teaming up with **Elton John** to stage a musical of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* for Broadway. Elton and **Yoko Ono** have also submitted pieces for a celebrity AIDS book being published by *Saturday Evening Post*, to which **Hugh Hefner** has contributed. . . **Martha And The Vandellas** are singing together again after 10 years. . . **Emily Lloyd**, star of the decidedly off-beat *Wish You Were Here*, in which she played a younger version of the role played by **Julie Walters** in *Personal Services*, is rumored to be playing the part of **Mandy Rice Davies** in a film about the Profumo affair, Britain's most sensational political scandal. . . **Devo** are also back together and recording an album. . . **Suzanne Vega** would like to write music and lyrics and star in a musical about the writer **Carson McCullers**. . . **Led Zeppelin** news: **Jimmy Page** is touring with **Jason Bonham**, son of Led Zep's late drummer **John.** Page is also featured on two cuts on **Robert Plant**'s album, which contains some Led Zep references, while Plant himself, in some low-key concerts in London, has begun to include Led Zep songs for the first time since he launched his solo career.

●

AUSTRALIAN-MADE: Reports of the demise of the Australian cinema seem to have been a bit premature. Apart from **Joan Long**'s production of **David Williamson**'s monster hit play *Emerald City* and **Antony Ginnane**'s *Something Great (The Les Darcy Story)*, the team of **Phillip Emanuel** and director **Ted Robinson** have got together again, despite their less-than-successful **Garry MacDonald/ Pamela Stephenson** starrer, *Those Dear Departed*. This time they're shooting *Kokoda Crescent*, with **Warren Mitchell** as the obligatory imported star (albeit an honorary Australian one) and support from **Bill Kerr** and **Ruth Cracknell**. Basically it's a thriller in which a group of oldies, World War II buddies, become aware of a net of drug dealing and police corruption and feel obliged to do something about it.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

Batteries Not Included Oldies Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy saved from wicked developers by cutey-pie ETs. Yuk! ¥

Broadcast News William Hurt looks great on TV but his producer Holly Hunter knows he's dumb. Star turns. ¥¥¥

Empire Of The Sun Spielberg waxes deep and meaningful about a boy in a Jap POW camp. Pretty but mostly pointless. ¥¥

Good Morning, Vietnam Robin Williams's phenomenal performance as a crazy DJ lifts an otherwise ordinary movie. ¥¥¥

Ironweed Jack Nicholson/Meryl Streep starrer reeks of quality but is light on substance and conviction. ¥¥

Man From Snowy River II He's back — but was it worth the gallop? Even Brian Dennehy looks out of his depth. ¥¥

Moonstruck Cher and Nicolas Cage make a great romantic duo but Olympia Dukakis almost steals this great comedy. ¥¥¥¥

Nuts This courtroom drama holds no surprises but Richard Dreyfuss and Barbra Streisand keep you interested. ¥¥¥

Someone To Watch Over Me A very superior cop thriller from Ridley Scott mixes romance and suspense in equal parts. ¥¥¥¥

The Glass Menagerie Paul Newman polishes up Tennessee Williams classic with Joanne Woodward and Karen Allen. ¥¥¥

The Whales Of August Lillian Gish, aged 92, has a tough time with kid sister Bette Davis (80)! Gentle melancholy. ¥¥¥

The Stepfather This psychotic loves families but wastes them when they disappoint him! Gruesome. ¥¥

White Mischief What the white bwanas did in Kenya during the war — drank, screwed and shot each other. Pointless. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥Don't miss ¥¥¥Good show ¥¥Worth a look ¥Forget it!

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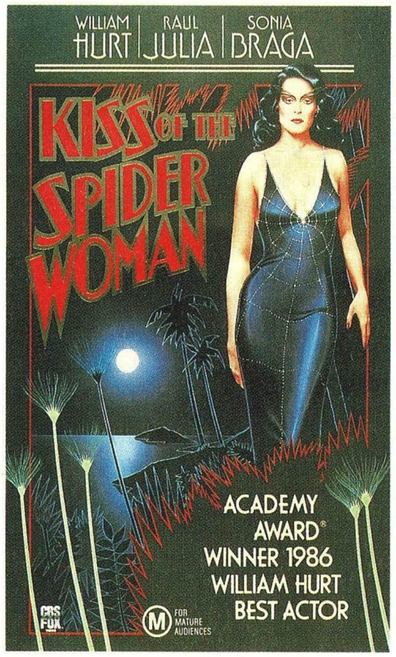
William Hurt gave up a salary of $2 million to make a movie he believed in. And you're trying to save $100 on a video recorder?



William Hurt believed so much in the "Kiss Of The Spider Woman" that he did it for nothing.

As a major box office star, he could have asked for millions.

Instead, Hurt gambled on a share of the box office, and on his faith in his own performance.

The gamble paid off. The "Kiss Of The Spider Woman" is a smash hit. Its won critical acclaim all over the world for its sensitivity, its acting, its screenplay and its direction.

Hurt himself has won the three top "best actor" awards for his powerful portrayal of Molina, the film's central character, including the 1986 Academy Award. Obviously his great performance made it a great investment.

And we won't ruin the movie for you by giving away the plot.

We suggest you don't ruin it for yourself by watching it on a cheap video recorder.

One great performance deserves another.

When you look at all the work, the skill and the sacrifice that went into the making of "Kiss Of The Spider Woman", it makes sense to watch it on equipment that does it justice.

And while that doesn't necessarily mean the most expensive equipment around, it certainly doesn't mean the cheapest.

Ideally, a balance between performance and price is the answer.

And that's the philosophy that Akai have been working on in recent years.

The Akai VS-515 Hi-Fi Video Recorder is a perfect example of what can be achieved.

At $1299, it is slightly more expensive than comparable brands, but then, no part of it has been compromised to fit under a certain price point.

On the basis that you get what you pay for, the Akai VS-515 has four heads instead of two, producing better audio performance.

Because it uses the full width of tape instead of the minor portion as is usual for mono and stereo VCR's, you get a much more dynamic stereo sound.

In addition, this dynamic stereo Hi-Fi sound comes through Akai's highly reputed sound reproduction technology. And the picture quality is significantly improved through Akai's advanced HQ circuitry.

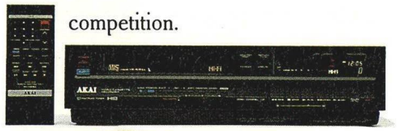
Further innovations include Akai's exclusive Interactive Monitoring System that puts all programming functions up big on the screen.

Plus a five-speed slow motion feature, tape-view system and unique child-lock and thief-lock function.

And whereas the industry standard is a 12-month warranty, the Akai VS-515 is covered by a three-year warranty (with one year on the video and audio heads).

The perfect team-mate for your Akai video recorder is the Akai CTK202 colour TV.

In sound, picture quality and features it's a cut above the competition.



And it also comes with a three-year full warranty.

You can see them both at your nearest Akai dealer.

Like William Hurt in "Spider Woman", we think you'll agree the extra performance is worth the extra investment.

AKAI
"Customer Caring & Spirit."

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM CARROLL

A candid conversation with Australia's finest surfer about boycotting South Africa, battling with injuries and winning those world championships.

The unprepossessing house tucked away in Newport, a block back from the beachside strip, belies the fact that Tom Carroll had come a long way in 26 years. After all, the multi-world champion surfer has spent his boyhood, gone to school and learned to surf in this neck of the woods. To him, it has always been home. Inside, out of the glare of summertime Sydney's Northern Beaches, there is understated evidence that the bare-chested young man resting comfortably in an armchair facing the doorway has carved a wake of achievement all over the world.

Sporting trophies are almost invariably garish items of gilt and mass. It is a rule of thumb that the least ostentatious spoils of victory are usually the most important. Perched in the living room atop a sound system and other vantage points are three such trophies. In the adjoining room, perhaps awaiting a trophy case, is a cluster of additional laurels, all too dazzling to put on show. From the inscriptions can be gleaned the competitive surfing career of Tom Carroll.

It is a story that starts in the Newport shorebreak with a foam board and runs all the way to the bone-crushing waves of Hawaii, encompassing victories over the world's finest surfers, a flirtation with danger and a horror run with injury. What the trophies' inscriptions can't relate are the measures of discipline, talent and pure courage that combined to put Tom Carroll in surfing's pantheon.

It is only in the past decade that surfing has come in from behind its counter-culture guise to be accepted by "straight" journalists as a bona fide athletic endeavor. With the transition has come a more sophisticated international professional circuit and increased prizemoney. The result has been a dramatic hike in the intensity and standard of competition, because the cash has encouraged senior professionals to linger longer in the game than their predecessors, while up from below push the fearless young terriers.

Unquestioned king of this new era during the late 1970s and into the early '80s was four-time world champion Mark Richards. When injury, age and the demands of touring began to take their strain, Richards nominated the surfer heir apparent: Tom Carroll.

The son of a John Fairfax newspaper executive and brother of former amateur surfing champion-cum-journalist Nick Carroll, Tom arrived on the scene on a surge of raw talent with a powerhouse win in the 1977 Pro Junior event against the world's best young bloods. Once ensconced in the professional ranks, the difference between Carroll and most of his peers became clear. He beat just about everybody to the punch by interpreting the new demands of the sport earlier and more astutely than most. To survive at the top, to hit that winning groove, Carroll did something unprecedented: he took on a full-time manager and embarked on a training and lifestyle program that would make Jeff Fenech wince.

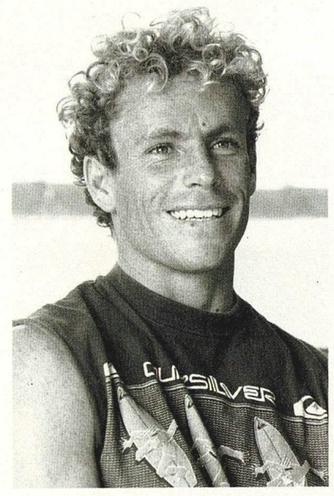
It should have been simplicity itself, but the equation was constantly complicated by Tom's incessant romance with injury. Since joining the professional ranks he has undergone reconstructive surgery of the knee, suffered a ruptured stomach, broken hand, hepatitis, ruptured ear drums, abrasions, head wounds, ankle injuries and a near anal dissection when his board tried to bury itself in his rear end.

When the pocket-sized Tom Carroll paddled out at Pipeline last December for the final of the $55,000 Marui Masters, he did so knowing that the previous day his elder sister Josephine, an inordinately talented chef, had died in a car crash. An inspired Tom dedicated that final to his

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY NOLAN

"In those days the name surfers were legends. When they came to town it was like rock stars descending. That respect trickled down to the humblest surfer on the beach."

"One time I got crushed at Pipeline. I really thought I was gonna die. When the wave broke it pulled me to the bottom, picked me up and spat me out the back!"



"I was practising a floater in Japan when the nose of the board went into the sand and my anus went down on the sharp point of the tail. Terrible feeling!"

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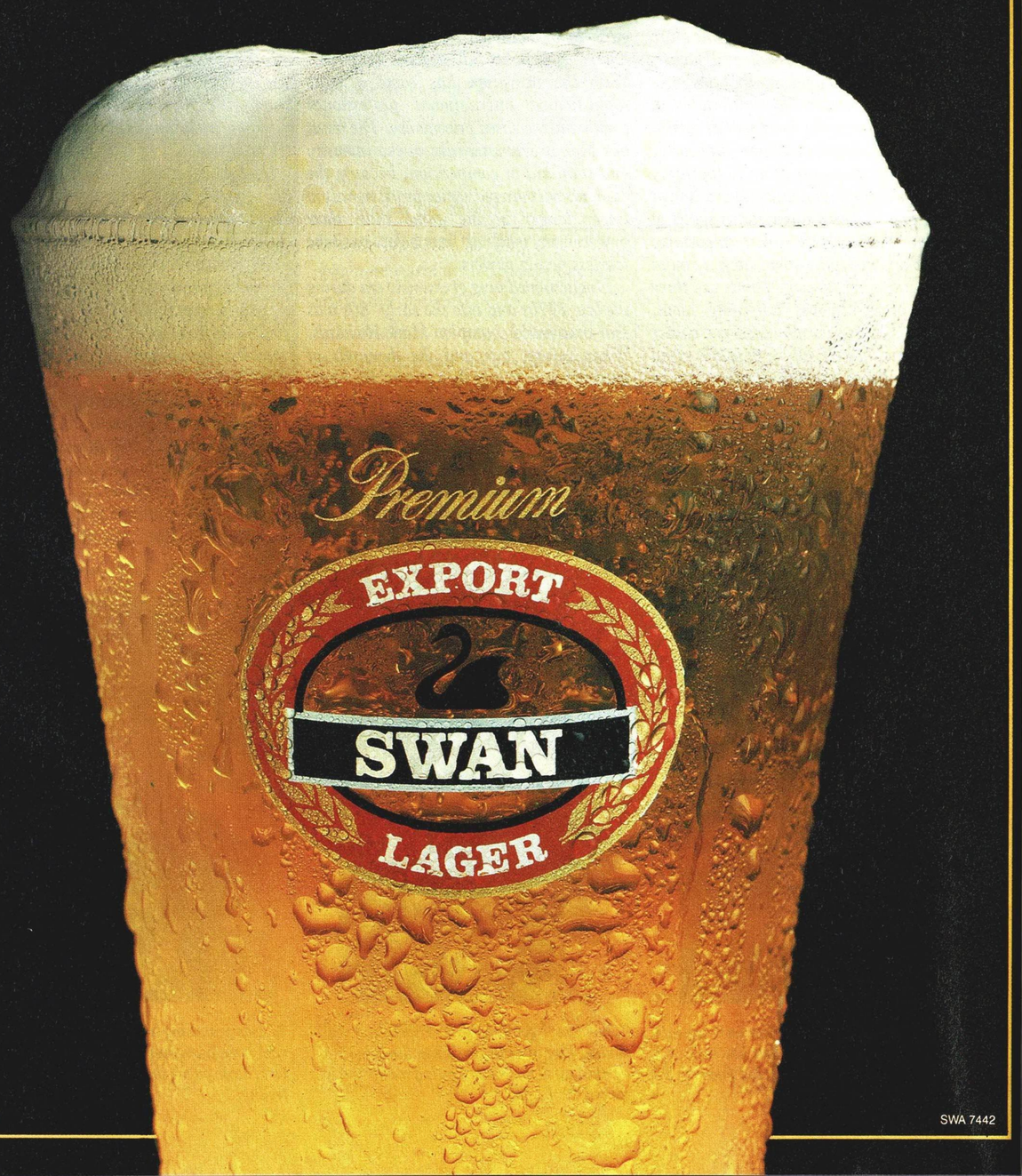

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sister. He won in awesome style.

Australian Playboy sent senior contributing editor ***Neil Jameson*** *to Newport to talk to the man said to be capable of earning up to $250,000 a year in and out of the water. The figures are impressive but tell you little about the character. After all, it cost him a reputed $60,000 sponsorship deal when he decided to boycott the South African leg of the tour, while on the other hand he has just signed a $1 million contract with Quiksilver clothing. Little wonder that Portfolio magazine has voted him one of Australia's 12 most interesting men.*

In the room off the Carroll dining area is what might be a study. Instead, it is a storeroom for almost two dozen surfboards aligned neatly on their tails. The boards and the red Alfa sports in the driveway are the only glimmers of excess.

Observes Jameson: "He is understated and thoughtful, almost to the point of introspection. It's a direct contrast to his form in the water where he is all tempo and bustle, leading with his chin, looking for the danger zone. Somewhere between the injuries and the trophies is the clear message that it has been anything but an easy road. One is left with the distinct impression that, at 26, Tom Carroll has an awful lot of winning left in front of him."

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first surfing contest?

CARROLL: I was 12, it was at Narrabeen and it was the cadet section Northern Beaches eliminations for the State titles. I was in a club called the Peninsula Boardriders and the guys put it on me: "Look, do you want to go in the Northern Beaches cadets?" I went: "What?" The idea scared the shit out of me. I asked them what happened if you won and they said the winner went into the State titles. I said: "What happens if you win that?" and they told me the winner went into the Australian titles. At that stage I didn't know how the system worked so I was pretty blown out by the thought of it.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

CARROLL: Well, I went down there and surfed and, without really understanding exactly how I went, won each heat. And so I got to the State titles without really knowing how or why. It was just a matter of going out and surfing the six-man heats against the other grommets. When the State titles came around I had turned 13 and for some reason I got stage fright. I was petrified about the idea of competing. So I didn't front.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CARROLL: I was already enjoying what I was doing, surfing and having fun. Competition wasn't something I had planned.

PLAYBOY: What changed your thinking?

CARROLL: The idea that you could possibly progress from your local beach through to something like a national championship definitely left an impression. I never went in the cadets again. As it turned out there wasn't a cadet section in the Australian championships in those days so I decided that I might as well go up against the juniors, who were a bit older.

PLAYBOY: How did you go?

CARROLL: I made it through to the State titles and finished third. After doing so well in the State I was kind of bombed out to finish about 12th or 14th in the nationals. But it was a great experience. I surfed the Mornington Peninsula in Victoria, which was the first time I had surfed outside NSW before.

PLAYBOY: Was that an eye-opener?

CARROLL: Definitely. I saw all my heroes: guys like Wayne "Rabbit" Bartholomew, Ian Cairns, Peter Townend, Michael Peterson, surfers I had only read about or seen on film. At that stage I was with one of the best surfers in Australia, a bloke called Col Smith who was helping me out with surfboards. He was one person I really looked up to and I watched his surfing closely to improve my own style.

PLAYBOY: By that stage were you considered the best kid on your local break?

Innocent people can get killed just because there are those who think it's an exercise in democracy for them to own guns.

CARROLL: Newport had a bunch of hot surfers but it was kind of split. There were guys from North Avalon Surfriders Association who called themselves NASA, and then there were the guys who surfed for Peninsula. Before and after school and at weekends we would all be surfing the same breaks. The bloke who owned the first surf shop in Newport thought this was all pretty crazy so his wife suggested he start up a boardriders club and join the ASA (Australian Surfriders Association). He suggested we call it Newport Plus because it would be made up of locals plus a few from other areas.

PLAYBOY: Did you get involved early?

CARROLL: I wasn't involved in the organisation but Derek Hynd, another of the surfers I looked up to, was. He was about five years above me at Pittwater High and he was the best on the beach back then. Compared to guys like Derek, I was never really the best on the block. Maybe the best young kid, and that brought its own share of head problems.

PLAYBOY: How did you go in those early club competitions?

CARROLL: Derek would do me up all the time.

PLAYBOY: Was there a certain sense of cool attached to being a schoolboy surfing hero at co-educational Pittwater High?

CARROLL: Surfing wasn't cherished by the teachers then. I had long blond hair and the whole scene was pretty anti-establishment. I was focussed on surfing and doing well in competitions and my schoolwork took a bit of a dive.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a truancy problem?

CARROLL: No, the problem I had at about 15 or 16 when facing my school certificate was that I had two major competitions to surf. One was the first Stubbies event held in 1977 at the Gold Coast. It was by invitation only and I had been invited after winning the first Pro Junior event. I wanted to go to the Stubbies so bad! My dad said, "All right, we'll get a note to the teachers." There was also a few days off to go down to Victoria for the Bells Beach contest before Easter. The teachers said they never got notes for that so I found myself in the middle of an altercation. Surfers at the school in those days weren't viewed as athletes. As far as those in charge were concerned, it wasn't a sport. It was still seen as alternative and purely escapist.

PLAYBOY: During that period there were stories of champion surfers being expelled from high schools because their attendance records were so bad.

CARROLL: Surfers brought it upon themselves to a certain extent. In those days at school it was really something to be a hot surfer. It was something you could really play up if you wanted to. There were a few teachers who did congratulate me during those years but I never really made it up to the podium in front of the school assembly; whereas if I had won the State swimming carnival or was in the football team, it would have been a different story.

PLAYBOY: Has that changed?

CARROLL: The whole thing has changed. I've since been back to Pittwater High to present trophies. Surfing is now on the school sport agenda, and that's the way it should be.

PLAYBOY: From what you said about your dad writing notes for school, you must have had strong parental support in those days.

CARROLL: Dad was a bit wary. He was worried that there was nothing in it. In those days he was right. I'd wanted to leave school at 16 anyway and probably get an apprenticeship or something. I wanted to work. The idea of lounging around the beach wouldn't have suited me. My plan was to work, and surf competitively.

PLAYBOY: Did your father ever draw the line on surfing?

CARROLL: He might have wanted to but he was pretty busy in those days. In the mornings when he'd jog on the beach he'd witness Nick and me having a helluva lot of fun in the surf. Every morning he'd call us in and make sure we went to school.

PLAYBOY: So you spent your entire childhood and adolescence in Newport?

CARROLL: Yeah, great place to grow up. Ideal. I progressed from coolite board to fibreglass. The tough one was getting money out of dad to see surf movies. In those days $2.50 was an outrageous price for a movie, but at that time those movies were

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mesmerising. They were always on a Sunday night and next morning before school you'd be up before light ready to hit it. It wouldn't matter if it was pissing down with rain and howling with wind, you'd be out there picturing yourself in those movies you'd seen the night before. It was so vivid.

PLAYBOY: You make them sound like surfing's equivalent of Dr Goebbels' propaganda news reels.

CARROLL: It was incredible. But it was all for the good because surfing offered such a healthy lifestyle. There was nothing really bad about it. It wasn't like we were off to see *Rambo* each Sunday night.

PLAYBOY: From a parental viewpoint, did you consider that your father might have looked at the alternatives and figured he was better off leaving well enough alone?

CARROLL: Maybe he did.

PLAYBOY: The age difference between you and your elder brother Nick is two years. Were you good mates growing up together?

CARROLL: Yeah. We had the odd brotherly scuffle but it was basically verbal, nothing vicious. Nick had a surfboard before I got mine, but I was into the sport before him. I had a coolite before him. In those days I was playing a little bit of football and Nick would spend a lot of his time fishing. Slowly, we homed in on the fact that surfing was what we were going to do. It was too good to be true. We started surfing everyday. We got so involved in the lifestyle during our early teens and devoured everything we could on surfing. We read all the magazines and caught all the movies.

PLAYBOY: When did it occur to you that you could do more on a wave than the average surfer?

CARROLL: There was a guy called Charlie Ryan who opened up Newport's first surf shop. I had my second fibreglass surfboard by then and I'd never really seen a surf shop before. Charlie came down and saw me surfing the northern end of Newport. He said, "I'd like to fix you up with a surfboard." I was just 12 and I couldn't believe it. He said, "Come down on Monday and there'll be a surfboard there." I thought this was outrageous. Dad was wary. He wanted to meet this Charlie Ryan bloke. As it turned out, Charlie was a genuine guy, no strings attached. He gave me a board shaped by a guy called Rodney Hocker and it turned out to be one of the best surfboards I've ever owned, way ahead of its time. I didn't do any homework that night. I simply lay on the bed and looked at that board on the floor. Woke up next morning and took it for a surf and it went like a dream.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from that?

CARROLL: Charlie Ryan had made me realise that I must have had something. He took me to competitions and I rode that board to win that Northern Beaches cadet title. After that I received offers from manufacturers. The pity was that when I wanted a new board I had to hand my old one in and that's how I lost that Rodney Hocker board. It took me two years to find a board that performed anywhere near it. It weighed on my mind and affected my performance in competitions.

PLAYBOY: Like a golfer using borrowed clubs?

CARROLL: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Having that sort of attention at such a young age before you have proved yourself in competition could prove a head-turning experience.

CARROLL: It's a matter of not having control of yourself. When people are telling you how good you are it can make you behave differently.

PLAYBOY: Were you a larrikin in terms of law and order?

CARROLL: No, no, I was just a bit of a head. I thought I was pretty good, wandering around ignoring certain people, that sort of thing. Being a little arsehole, basically. In my opinion I was pretty damn good.

PLAYBOY: So, when did you make the conversion from brash extrovert to serious surfer?

CARROLL: Even when I was being brash, I was still pretty serious. I was nowhere near as brash as a lot of guys of the same age. Surfing is an egotistical thing. There is an awful amount of respect tied up in being the best surfer in your area. It is a process of gaining those notches, climbing the pecking order, fulfilling the ambitions. In those days the name surfers were legends. When they came to town it was like rock stars descending. That respect trickled all the way down the various pipes right to the humblest surfer on the beach. If you were good, you acquired a certain status. People talked about you.

I used to be a bit of a head, wandering around ignoring certain people. Being a little arsehole basically. I thought I was pretty damn good.

PLAYBOY: Does that mystique still exist?

CARROLL: Not in the same way. The sport is older. The top surfers receive so much exposure now. But because there are so many more competitions, that brashness aspect is probably stronger than ever among the younger surfers. It is a heavy competitive scene now.

PLAYBOY: How did you change?

CARROLL: The usual way, maturing, getting older. It occurred to me that I didn't need it anymore. I found that I could get on better with my friends if I acted normal, had a good time, surfed and competed.

PLAYBOY: When you won that first Pro Junior event at North Narrabeen in 1977, how did you assess your career prospects?

CARROLL: I felt good within myself because nobody had gone into that event expecting to win. Cheyne Horan, Jim Banks, Joe Engel, Dougall Walker and a few other really hot surfers were competing. Cheyne was really coming on internationally then. The next year he finished second in the world. In those days, he was the most hard-core competitor I had encountered.

PLAYBOY: Why weren't you the same?

CARROLL: As far as the career was concerned, I was never really aware of the media and opportunities that winning might provide outside surfing. Even though it received great coverage at that time it was later said that Tom Carroll could have got a lot more, publicity-wise, out of the Pro Junior win than he did.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you failed to cash in on what was your first major victory?

CARROLL: Yes. I didn't take advantage of surfing and mainstream publicity to advance my career. Until that stage I had never taken it too seriously. That all changed when I made the final against Mark Richards at Bells Beach in 1982. It made me think I could do something with this. When I was a grommet I'd seen the likes of Ian Cairns and Michael Peterson bob up on the ABC Sports Awards and I'd thought, "Wow, wouldn't it be great to be one of those guys?" Imagine a surfer becoming the ABC's Sportsman Of The Year. That would have been outrageous.

PLAYBOY: Did you think there was a chance when Mark Richards won his fourth world title?

CARROLL: Yes. Even beating the world once is something tremendous. But doing it four times. . .

PLAYBOY: When was your first overseas surfing trip?

CARROLL: I was 16 and went to Hawaii. I'd been looking forward to it. Cheyne Horan had been the year before and I was envious. I went with the idea of finding what Hawaii's big surf was all about.

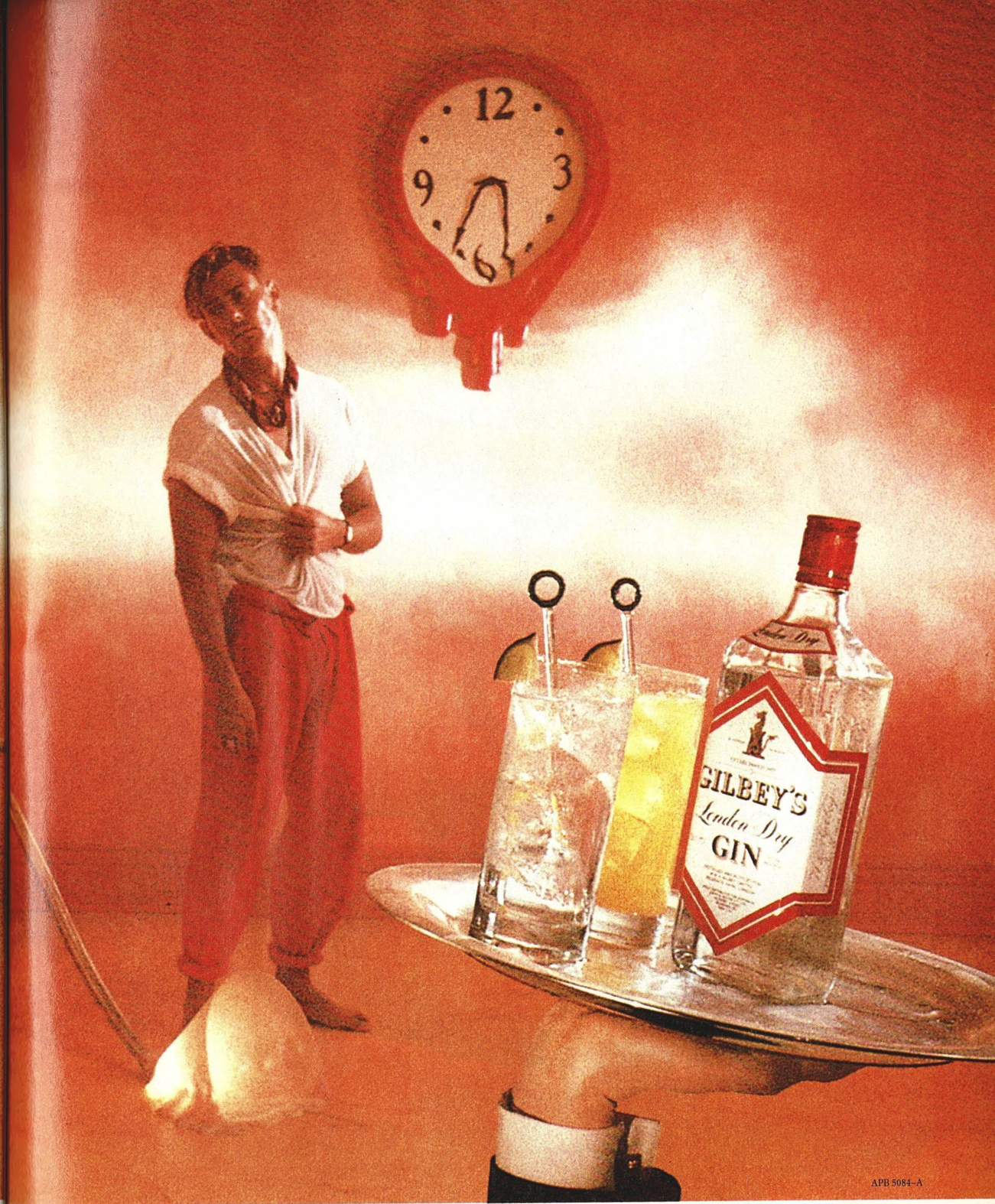
PLAYBOY: Any hairy situations?

CARROLL: There was one time when I got crushed at Pipeline. I really thought I was gonna die. I'd lost my board. It was only a couple of feet away from me but it was useless even trying to get to it. The wave was shaping to break right on me and I had resigned myself. Everything flashed in front of me: this is it! What happened was that when the wave broke it pulled me to the bottom, picked me up again and then spat me out the back. I came up and the next wave was right on top of me. It just pummelled me across the bottom but it wasn't so bad. I made it to the beach totally out of breath, where a guy handed me my board and said, "I think I saw you just pop out of the back of that wave!" I was just a grommet getting thrashed. But it was an experience, riding long boards and hanging out with some pretty wild guys.

PLAYBOY: Did it occur to you that the Hawaiian experience was something you had to confront if you wanted to become a champion surfer?

CARROLL: I didn't find it as heavy as they said but I knew if I started saying that it would be taken the wrong way. I didn't even

(continued on page 113)



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A heatwave is somehow bearable when a cool change is on the way.

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ILLUSTRATION BY ROY PENDLETON

WOULD THE REAL RAMBO PLEASE STAND UP?

Rambo's a right-wing, gun-crazy, warmongering dickhead, right? Wrong! The character's creator David Morrell discloses, on the eve of the release of* Rambo III, *that Rambo's no sinner, he's a misunderstood saint, a dinki-di peace-loving, anti-war hero. Yessir, Rambo ain't heavy, he's our brother.

AFGHANISTAN. A RUGGED muscular man wearing combat boots and black fatigues rides a magnificent sable stallion through a desert canyon. His dark hair hangs to his shoulders. The ends of his sweatband dangle from his forehead to the length of his hair. A knife projects from one of his boots. A much bigger knife, half-Bowie, half-sword, clings to his belt.

Accompanied by an Afghan guide, he crests a ridge, ignores the rifles of suspicious sentries, and enters the bombed-out remains of a village. His eyes narrow at the scarred, the crippled, the blind villagers. Ahead, green-ribboned stakes project from the stony ground.

"These are graves," his guide explains. "Holy warriors killed by invaders. Warriors now in paradise. Allah willing, our enemy we sent to hell."

The rugged American stares at the graves, and something about him — not just the scar on his upper left cheekbone but an anguish seared into his soul — tells us he understands fully about war and hell.

"Cut!" a voice yells. Three hundred crew members emerge from the cover of rocks and bullet-riddled shacks. The miserable villagers — hundreds more — light cigarettes, pick up sandwiches, and joke with each other as they head toward shade. This "Afghanistan" is really Israel, the southern tip of the Negev desert. The heat is brutal. Drink 20 cups of water each day or you'll faint. *Rambo III* is in production, its set as

rugged as its title character.

The man in black is Sylvester Stallone. Flanked by bodyguards, Sly grins and climbs a stony slope with so little effort you'd think he was on an escalator. His handshake is firm, reassuring, friendly. "A long time since I saw you last. How are you, David? More important, how's your son?"

I shake my head, my guts tense with grief. "Matt didn't make it. The cancer killed him in June."

"Oh, shit, man, no."

"But he remembered — he was grateful — for your phone call. So am I."

Sly stares in distress at the stony slope. "The thing I remember most, your son was so easy to talk to, so damned smart."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. More than just smart. Good-natured."

"We've got a lot to talk about."

"I'm looking forward to it. Right now, I hate to tell you, Sly, your director wants you for another set-up."

"What they call hell, I call home." With a wink, Sly descends through a small army of crew and extras to rehearse for the shot.

A set designer ambles over, impressed but puzzled. "*Who are you?*"

Well, sometimes it's hard to explain. For instance, a year ago, I was on a publicity tour for one of my novels. On impulse, after a TV interview in Dallas, I stopped at a bookstore.

"I'm a writer," I said. "I'm just checking on how my books are doing."

"Writer?" the manager asked. "What did you. . . ?"

"I created Rambo."

The manager stepped back as if I might be dangerous. He looked me over, all 5 feet 9 inches (*175cm*) and 70 kilos of me. "Sure you did." He gestured soothingly. "Of course."

"But I did. I really did."

"Oh, I'm sure." He nodded with that *just another nut* look in his eye. "I really believe you. I do. But just for the record, didn't Sylvester Stallone. . . ?"

"No, he created Rocky."

But what about Rambo? That's a long story.

●

In the summer of 1969, I was 26, a graduate student at Penn State University.

By chance, I watched a television program that changed my life. The program was the evening news, and on that sultry August evening, two stories were juxtaposed and their friction flashed like lightning through my mind.

The first story showed a firefight in Vietnam. Sweaty American soldiers crouched in the jungle, shooting bursts from M-16s to repel an enemy attack. Incoming bullets kicked up dirt and shredded leaves. Medics scrambled to assist the wounded. An officer barked co-ordinates into a two-way radio, demanding air support. The fatigue, determination, and fear on the faces of the soldiers were dismayingly vivid.

The second story showed a different sort of battle. That steamy summer, the inner cities of America erupted into violence. In nightmarish images, national guardsmen snapped bayonets on to M-16s and stalked along the rubble of burning streets, dodging rocks, wary of snipers among devastated vehicles and gutted buildings.

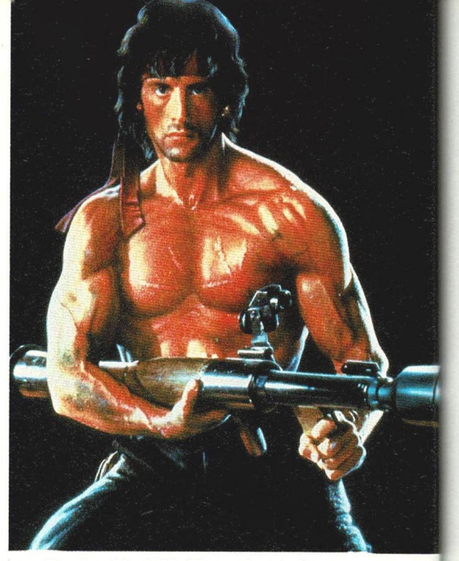
Each news story, distressing enough on its own, became doubly so when paired with the other. It occurred to me that, if I'd turned down the soundtrack, if I hadn't heard each story's reporter explain what I was watching, I might have thought that both film clips were two aspects of one single horror. A firefight outside Saigon, a riot within it. A riot within an American city, a firefight outside it. Vietnam and America.

What if, I thought. Those magic words are the seed of all fiction. What if I wrote a book in which the Vietnam war literally came home to America? There hadn't been a war on American soil since the end of the Civil War in 1865. With America splitting apart because of Vietnam, maybe it was time to write a novel that dramatised the philosophical division in our society, that shoved the brutality of war right under our society's nose.

An anti-war book. But it couldn't preach. It couldn't be heavy-handed, overtly political or philosophical, because 90 percent of the readers in this country wouldn't go near such a book. I wanted to reach the widest range of readers possible and yet not blunt my point. But how to do that, how to bring the hell of Vietnam to America?

I decided my catalytic character would be a Vietnam veteran, a Green Beret who, after many harrowing missions, had been captured by the enemy, escaped, and returned home to be given America's highest distinction, the Congressional Medal of Honor. But he would bring something back with him from South-East Asia, what we now call post-trauma stress syndrome. (It's an overused theme these days, but not in 1969.) Haunted by nightmares about what he did in the war, embittered by civilian indifference and sometimes hostility toward the sacrifice he made for his country, he would drop out of society to wander the backroads of the nation he loved. He would sleep in the woods and live off the land. He would let his hair grow long, not bother shaving, carry all his possessions in a rolled-up sleeping bag slung over his shoulder, and look like what we then called a hippy. In what I loosely thought of as an allegory he would represent the disaffected.

His name was. . . I get asked this question more than any other. How did you come up with the name? I wanted it to have the sound of force. One of my graduate school languages was French, and on an autumn afternoon, as I read a course assignment, I was struck by the difference between the look and the pronunciation of the name of the author I was reading. Rimbaud. An hour later, my wife came home from buying groceries. She mentioned she'd bought some apples of a type she'd never heard about before. Rambeaux. A French author's name and the name of an apple collided with each



Rambo, Mark II: The archetypal pose

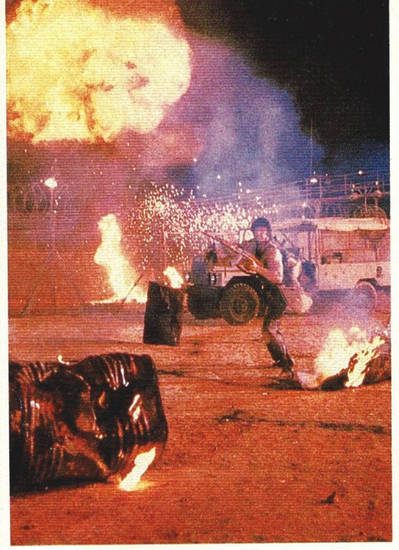
other, and I recognised the sound of force.

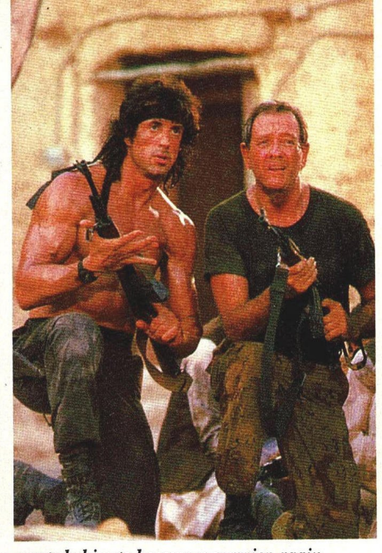
"His name was Rambo, and he was just some nothing kid for all anybody knew, standing by the pump of a gas station on the outskirts of Madison, Kentucky." No first name. I didn't want to mute the impact of his last. "John" came later, for the movie.

While Rambo represented the disaffected, I needed someone to embody the establishment. Another news report, this time in print, aroused my indignation. In a south-western American town, a group of hitch-hiking hippies had been picked up by the local police, stripped, hosed, and shaved — not just their beards, but their hair. The hippies had then been given back their clothes and driven to a desert road, where they were abandoned to walk to the next town thirty miles away. I remembered the harassment that my own recently grown moustache and long hair had caused me. "Why don't you get a haircut? What the hell are you, a man or a woman?" I wondered what Rambo's reaction would be if he were subjected to the insults those hippies had received.

In my novel, the establishment's representative became a police chief, Wilfred Teasle. Wary of stereotypes, I wanted him as complex as the action would allow. I made Teasle old enough to be Rambo's father. That created a generation gap — with the added dimension that Teasle wishes he had a son. Next, I decided that Teasle would be a Korean War hero, his Distinguished Service Cross second only to Rambo's Congressional Medal of Honor. There were many other facets to his character, and in each case, the intention was to make him as motivated and sympathetic as Rambo, because the viewpoints that divided the America of 1969 came from deep, well-meant concerns.

What happened when Rambo encountered Teasle is familiar now. Enough to say that Teasle, for his reasons, hassled Rambo. And Rambo, for his reasons, wouldn't take it. A jail escape led to a manhunt. Teasle thought he was in Korea. Rambo thought he was in Vietnam. In that debate, the conventional





In Rambo III love for father-figure Trautman compels him to become a warrior again.

tactics used in Korea don't have a chance against the guerrilla methods of Vietnam. Almost killed, Teasle struggled down from the mountains, accepted the help of Rambo's Special Forces instructor, and hunted Rambo yet again, with the result that Teasle's town was virtually destroyed, Teasle was killed, and Rambo was executed by his former instructor. "I took the top of his head off with this shotgun."

Wait a minute. Did you just say. . . ? Yes, Rambo was killed. And the cop wasn't the broadly sketched antagonist of the film but a character who many readers (depending on their political viewpoint) felt was the hero of the novel. And Rambo's instructor wasn't the sympathetic Richard Crenna but a cold professional. And the novel tried to show that escalating force results in disaster, that nobody wins, and. . .

Freeze frame! Stop! I told you this was a long story.

●

Because of the rigors of graduate school, I didn't finish my novel till after I'd graduated from Penn State in 1970 and taught at the University of Iowa for a year. In the summer of 1971, I submitted it to a literary agent, but I had misgivings. How could an assistant professor expect to gain tenure when he'd dramatised such unremitting violence? To hedge my bets, I sent along my dissertation on John Barth.

Three weeks later, the agent called. "I sold it."

"My dissertation?"

"What?"

"John Barth."

"*First Blood*."

"Oh, Christ."

First novels flop like jelly. Nobody advertises. Nobody reviews. Nobody buys. *First Blood* was an exception. Full page ads. *Time* not only gave the book its lead review but claimed it represented a new kind of fiction, *carnography*, the equivalent in violence of pornography. I didn't mind. For a terrified first novelist, any kind of attention feels great. Most other reviews were glowing, and after the hardback, the paperback advances didn't hurt — my family could stop eating frozen pies. When the Literary Guild accepted the book, I felt legitimate. The round-the-world translations made me raise my head in wonder. And then came the movie deal.

Ah, yes, the movie deal. There had already been a nibble. In the autumn of 1971, before *First Blood* was published, the director Stanley Kramer had read the manuscript and wanted an option on it. Surprisingly there was strong resistance from a publisher's representative whose liberal sensitivities had been offended by what he felt was racism in Kramer's *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner.* Not that it mattered. Kramer never came through on the option.

Just before publication in 1972, the producer Larry Turman (*The Graduate*) received an advance copy from my agent and took it to Columbia Pictures. Richard Brooks (*Elmer Gantry*) would be great to write and direct it, Turman said. Let's fly the author out. No complaint from the author.

But I was an East Coast innocent. I dressed to impress in a double-breasted suit and carefully chosen tie. Turman showed up in a rented Pinto and faded jeans. Culture contrast. Major embarrassment. It didn't get better. At the door of his Taj-Mahal estate, Richard Brooks greeted us in baggy shorts and a sweatshirt. I squirmed as if wearing a tux.

Turman and I followed Brooks through a foyer bigger than my modest home in Iowa. The big time, and I felt small. We went through a back door, passed a tennis court and country-club-sized swimming pool to reach a mini Taj Mahal, where Brooks had his office, an editing room, and a movie theatre. As Brooks opened the door to this second building, its door fell off. He muttered something about getting a carpenter from the studio to fix it and led us into his book-cluttered study, gesturing to us to be seated.

"I like to meet the author of every book I adapt to the screen," he said, "because I respect the printed word and I want the author to feel comfortable with the way I interpret it on film."

Fair enough, I thought, relaxing a little. I glanced toward Turman, who warily studied Brooks as if waiting for the other shoe to drop. Uh-oh. I tensed again.

"The other night, I invited some friends to watch a movie here," Brooks said. "A western. During an action scene, a horse fell. My daughter burst out crying and ran from the room. Her behavior embarrassed me in front of my friends, so I followed her, and yes, I admit it, I lost my temper and shouted at her. That's when I realised what *First Blood* was all about."

Turman and I leaned forward.

"People don't have enough patience with each other. They don't communicate enough," Brooks said.

Turman and I leaned farther forward, almost on the edge of our chairs.

"I want to minimise the violence in your book till it's almost eliminated," Brooks said.

Turman and I frowned.

"And your ending has to be totally changed. The way I see it, there'll be Rambo in a gully and a line of policemen and national guardsmen facing him, and Teasle steps forward to tell them all, 'Calm down.' But a mysterious shot sends everybody scrambling. We don't know if the shot came from Rambo or his antagonists, but the police and the guardsmen start firing, and Teasle's caught in the middle, so he races toward Rambo in the gully, dives down beside him, and as bullets kick up dirt around them, Teasle says to Rambo, 'You know, son, none of this would have happened if we'd only taken the time to talk and understand each other.' " Brooks raised his hands. "There. That's the ending. How do you like it?"

"Well, uh," I managed to say.

Turman was speechless.

"Honestly, what's your opinion?" Brooks asked.

I swallowed and thought, well, what the hell, here goes. "It reminds me of a cavalry and Indian movie. Each side glares at the other. The officer and the chief approach suspiciously, about to negotiate for peace, when a mysterious shot sends everybody scrambling and. . . "

"Well, maybe you don't think I'm the man to make this movie," Brooks said.

"I think you're a great director. I just don't like this particular idea."

Turman looked stunned.

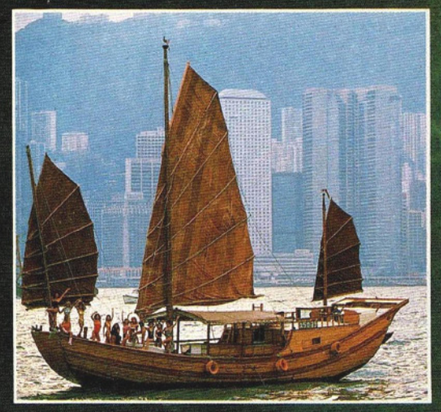
"You know, movies are different from novels," Brooks said.

"I realise changes have to be made — to put a character's thoughts into images. With all respect, though, I think my ending's better."

Seated behind his desk, Brooks raised one hip. For a moment, I honestly expected to hear him break wind. What I heard instead was the phone. To this day, I wonder if Brooks had a button under his desk and if that odd movement I saw was his knee

(continued on page 94)

The Hong Kong Battle Of The Beauties



AUSTRALIA'S SHANNON LONG FLIES TO THE FRONT LINE FOR THE FIRST-EVER MISS PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT.

WHEN AUSTRALIA'S Shannon Long landed at Hong Kong airport she knew she was a long way from her hometown of Ballina, NSW. And she knew she had a tough task in front of her — as the Australian contestant in the inaugural Miss Playboy International Pageant she had to compete with the top models from the 13 other countries which publish editions of *Playboy* magazine.

And then came the big night. On the eve of December 13 Shannon arrived at the Queen Elizabeth Stadium in downtown Hong Kong. The scene was just like the Olympics, only prettier.

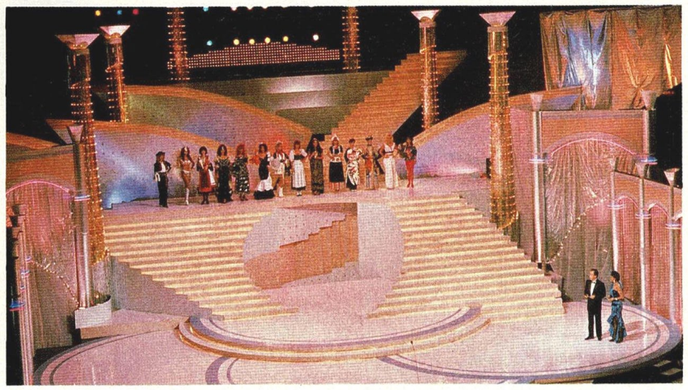
There was a chill in the night air — yes, that certain electricity — as some 2000 people settled into their seats to witness the global celebration of beauty.

If the event promised to be an evening of magic, putting it all together had required plenty of no-nonsense planning and teamwork. Over the course of the week, *Playboy* editors, art directors and photographers had swarmed into Hong Kong, headquarters for the Chinese-language edition, from Argentina, Australia, Brazil, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Spain, Turkey and the United States — each individual lending an expert hand to the proceedings; each country represented by *Playboy*'s best.

Ultimately, of course, the contestants

AUSTRALIA
Shannon Long, 18.

A veritable galaxy of beauty delights the eyes of Hong Kong, below, in national dress and above, dressed for the prizegiving. In each case Shannon is on the far right.



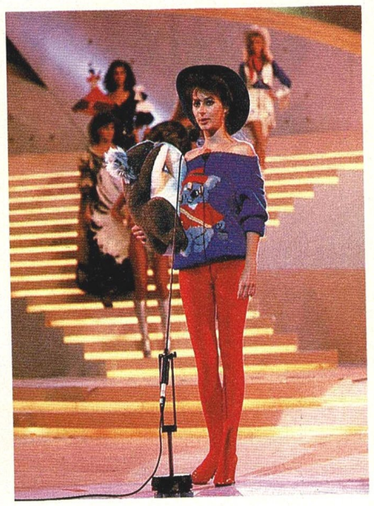
stole the show. There were 14 of them altogether, each of whom had already appeared in her country's edition of *Playboy* — either as a Playmate or a model. Clearly, the judges' job would be as tough as it was enviable.

When the enchanting night came to an end, Shannon wasn't placed amongst the three winners, but she was no loser either. She charmed and captivated her hosts, and all who were present remembered the "stunning sheila from Down Under". Shannon said she wasn't disappointed with the judges' decision. "It was a pleasure just to be there," she said. But organisers begged to differ — the pleasure, they said, was all theirs.

In addition to the standard beauty-contest fare, the pageant served up a feast of lavish song-and-dance productions, including a Busby Berkeley-gone-Hong-Kong-type of number, and a Christmas routine in which the contestants played Santa's helpers to popular Chinese star Alex To.

The pageant began at precisely 9.30 pm, despite the last-minute demonstrations by the Christian Theological Society of Hong Kong, which deemed the show not-quite-ready for prime-time Chinese television. Evidently, the protesters had not done their homework. Not only did the local viewers tune into the live broadcast, they loved it. In the end, TVB, the station that

ITALY
Marta Duca, 22, second prize: $15,000

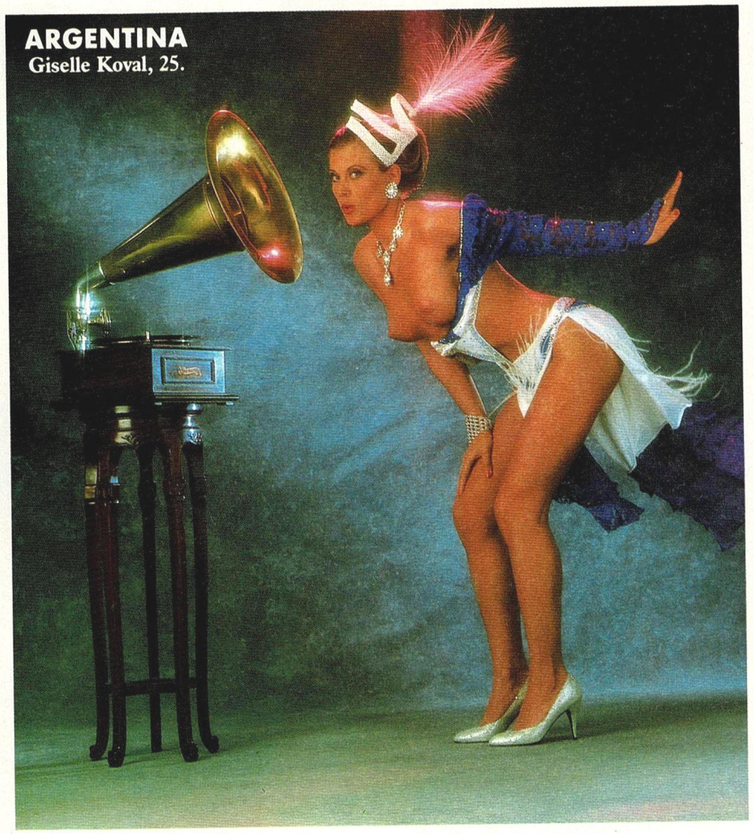


Our very own adorable Shannon in national dress: what wouldn't we do to swap places with that koala!

aired the event, would grab an astonishing 95 percent audience share, as home viewers watched the pageant entrants parade before the cameras wearing a variety of outfits, including bathing suit, evening dress and national costume. The judges carefully jotted notes as beauty went head to head with beauty. By 11 pm they'd made their decision: the crown of Miss Playboy International and $25,000 was awarded to Luma de Oliveira, the Brazilian bombshell who'd made her first *Playboy* appearance only four months earlier. Second place and $15,000 were nabbed by Italy's striking Marta Duca and third place was given to America's Lynne Austin, who received $10,000 for her efforts. An additional $3000 was handed over to Luma as winner of the Editors' Choice Award — an honor determined by a multinational panel of *Playboy* editors and photographers. Their choice was unanimous.

USA
Lynne Austin, 26, third prize: $10,000

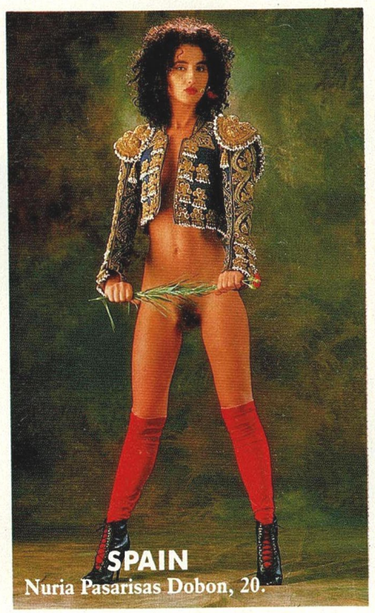
GREECE
Jenny Vergidou, 21.


ARGENTINA
Giselle Koval, 25.

THE NETHERLANDS
Lucienne Bruinooge, 23.

FRANCE
Nathalie Galan, 19.

CHINA
May Cheung, 23.



SPAIN
Nuria Pasarisas Dobon, 20.

JAPAN
Minako Konno, 23.

MEXICO
Barbara Ferrat, 20.

TURKEY
Arzu Cibir, 16.

THE FALL AND (HOPEFUL) RISE OF

CAPITOL RECORDS

Can the legendary label which gave us the Beach Boys, and introduced America to the Beatles, become a record industry contender again?

BY KITSCHY HOLLYWOOD standards, it's an architectural landmark — a round skyscraper 13 storeys high that looks like a stack of records with a needle on top. True, that wasn't the intent of architect Welton Becket, designer of the Cairo Hilton, when the Tower opened in 1956. It seemed at the time that round buildings were the coming trend, and although they didn't exactly catch on, the company that commissioned the building, Capitol Records, did — it became one of the legendary names in music. Today, Capitol Tower is more than just the only round skyscraper in town, it's a major tourist attraction, complete with a beacon that has blinked out H-O-L-L-Y-W-O-O-D for over 31 years. It's been on postcards, in movies and on TV, and it's arguably the only building in the world that makes an onlooker automatically think of music.

As well it should. This is, after all, where Frank Sinatra and Nat King Cole and Peggy Lee and Nelson Riddle used to hang out and make their music. This is where, a generation later, the Beach Boys first rode a musical wave, and where the Beatles, in mid-mania, found an American home.

Like movie studios and television networks, record companies seldom generate brand loyalty among their customers. Few people scan the movie ads and say, "Darling, I'm in the mood for a Paramount picture. What about you?" Fewer still go into their local record store and say, "Got any new Atlantic albums? What about A&M?" So it should come as no surprise that the problems that have existed for the past few years inside

Ben Fong-Torres reports

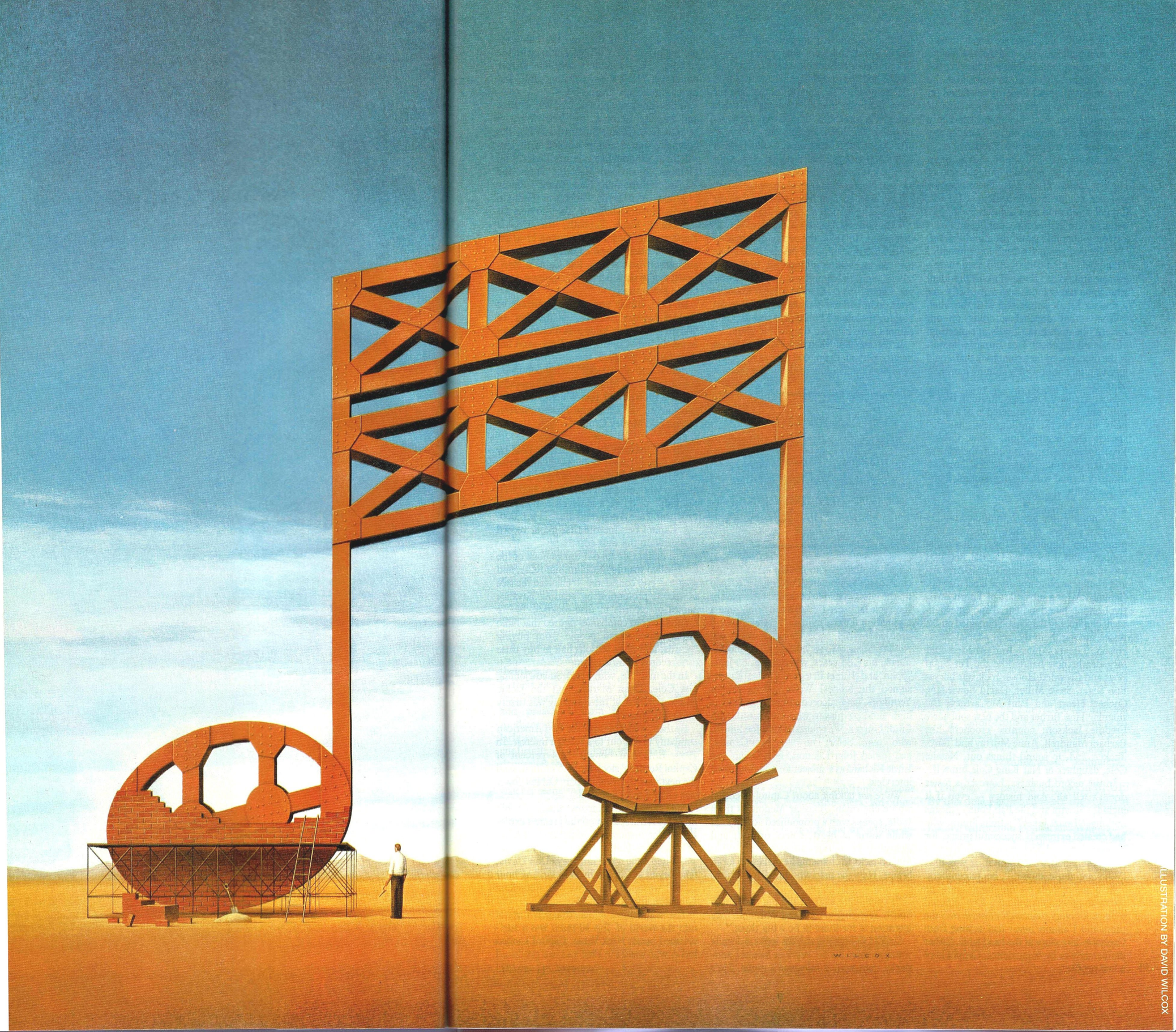


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

the Capitol Records tower are largely known only within the industry, and that the general public, seeing the building and hearing the name, might be shocked to know how the once mighty Capitol Records has fallen on hard times, even in the midst of a rock business resurgence. And they're most certainly unaware of the attempts currently under way to salvage the trouble-torn company.

Management blunders have been compounded by episodes straight out of *Ripley's Believe It Or Not.* There was, for instance, the cattle prod incident of 1986. A Capitol promotion man accused his boss of berating him in the office, poking him with a battery-operated cattle prod and yelling, "You're dog meat. Go back to your stall." That one's in the courts. And then there's the tale around the Tower of a past president who, upon taking office, was perturbed to see a veteran female singer still with the label. "What's that douchebag doing on our roster?" he demanded loudly at a meeting. He was talking about Tina Turner, who was, at the time, poised for a comeback that would give Capitol one of its few shining moments of recent years.

Not that very long ago, insiders like to point out, NBC was considered to be a terminally ill network, until a new chairman started the resurrection. Now Capitol Records has its own new gun in the form of a square-looking, wise-cracking, record-industry legend with the unassuming name of Joe Smith.

●

It's not as if Joe Smith wandered into 13 unlucky storeys of total emptiness and desperation. Capitol-EMI was still a going concern, and it included Capitol Records, two smaller pop music labels (EMI-America and Manhattan) and a classical label (Angel). Capitol-EMI is a subsidiary of Thorn EMI, the London-based industrial and entertainment empire. Big names still remained on the roster, among them the heavy-metal bands Poison, Great White, Iron Maiden and Megadeath; new bands like the Pet Shop Boys and Crowded House; rock war horses Bob Seger, Steve Miller, David Bowie, Joe Cocker, Heart and Paul McCartney; the singular Tina Turner and the new soul hero, Freddie Jackson; country crooners like Barbara Mandrell, Anne Murray and Tanya Tucker; and, to round things out, Natalie Cole, daughter of Nat King Cole himself.

In the record business, however, a roster doesn't tell all. And history — even if it includes Sinatra and the Fab Four — means nothing. "Image is key," admits Smith, who had created extremely successful images for Warner Bros and Elektra-Asylum when he ran those labels. "At Capitol, it was like, 'Who *are* those guys?' " he remembers. "We'd see records on the charts, but the company was anonymous. I've emceed dinners for every conceivable disease over the years and I almost never had anyone from Capitol to introduce at the head table. Either deliberately or by coincidence, Capitol kept a low profile."

Bobby Colomby, a former drummer for Blood, Sweat And Tears, who spent five years as a producer at Capitol, recalls a conversation he had with a prominent rock manager. "He told me, 'Did you ever notice that the most powerful managers in the business don't have acts there?' He was talking about men like Frank DiLeo (Michael Jackson), Freddy DeMann (Madonna, Lionel Richie, Billy Idol) and Jon Landau (Bruce Springsteen). It's because the kinds of managers who are successful at Capitol are very passive, people who do not make waves, who just allow that system to go unaltered."

Capitol's sales figures were in keeping with that image. In 1984, the company's market share was a miserable 6.7 percent, and when the 100 top selling albums for 1986 were tallied, only six came from Capitol. Worse yet, Capitol was considered a major financial drain on its parent company, with one report pegging the loss at $1 million per *month.* Ugly rumors have haunted Capitol for years.

In the late '60s, when rock exploded, a new breed emerged: the record exec as star. He'd be out at the clubs, checking out the hot new

A past president of Capitol, on taking office, asked: "What's that douchebag doing on our roster?" He was talking about Tina Turner.

bands, or trekking to Boston or San Francisco, or to the Monterey Pop Festival, to snap up the latest rage. He became such a part of the rock landscape that, as rock became a fascination for the media, these execs were profiled in the *New Yorker, Esquire* and *Rolling Stone.* We're talking Clive Davis, during his CBS years, when he signed Janis Joplin, and Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic — he signed the Stones! We're talking Walter Yetnikoff, who succeeded Davis at CBS, a high bidding player who hangs out with Cindi Lauper. We're also talking Joe Smith, who, years before he over Capitol, had joined John Lennon, Bob Dylan and Little Richard as a subject for a *Rolling Stone* interview.

We're *not* talking about Capitol Records, whose chairman, Bhaskar Menon, is from India, speaks with a pronounced accent and, while warm at heart, comes off stiff and awkward in public appearances. What Menon lacks in charisma he makes up for in brains. He's the man who hired Joe Smith.

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"I came here to fight the big two," says Smith, referring to CBS and Warners. "My intention is for there to be a big three."

Smith is a short man who looks a decade younger than his 57 years, a sweater-and-slacks man with a salesman's smile. He's always in motion, roaming the hallways, darting in and out of offices, talking with the troops. "He's a saint," says one former employee. "He's classy and honorable, and he's a publicist's dream."

When Smith was president of Warner Bros and Reprise Records (the label Warners bought from Frank Sinatra in 1963), the company signed and/or worked with Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, James Taylor, Jimi Hendrix, Fleetwood Mac, the Faces, the Kinks, Jethro Tull, Neil Young, Randy Newman, Van Dyke Parks, the Grateful Dead, Captain Beefheart, the Mothers Of Invention, Black Sabbath, the Doobie Brothers and Tiny Tim. It was an ideal list — full of mass-appeal showmen, but with enough off-beat artists, like Captain Beefheart, to give the label an all-important reputation for hipness.

In 1975, Smith was named chairman of Elektra-Asylum records, a division of Warners. E-A was known as an old folkies home — Judy Collins, Tom Rush, and Ian And Sylvia all lived there — but Smith turned it into an eclectic avenue populated not only by Joni Mitchell, Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne and Tom Waits, but also by the Eagles, the Cars, the Pointer Sisters, Queen and Motley Crue.

●

Capitol Records was founded in 1942 by music fans — Glenn Wallichs, owner of two record shops in Hollywood; Johnny Mercer, a singer who could also write songs, and B.G. "Buddy" de Sylva, a songwriter and movie producer. De Sylva put up the first $10,000, and Capitol became the first major record company on the west coast.

The infant Capitol did things none of the established majors — Columbia, RCA, and Decca — ever considered. It changed the face of record promotion by sending advance copies of records to disc jockeys. Before Capitol, record companies figured that radio airplay discouraged people from buying records, and most stations had to buy their own records to broadcast.

In the mid '50s, with Frank Sinatra joining Nat Cole, Dean Martin, and the Jackie Gleason orchestra, the company was firmly in the big league.

By then, it had become the first American company to sell out to a foreign interest. In 1955, EMI Ltd bought 96.4 percent of Capitol Records' stock for $8.5 million. And the next year, the revolutionary Capitol Tower was completed.

But then the company made its big mistake. It missed out on the greatest explosion in the history of popular music: rock-'n'roll. Why? The top brass simply hated it.

"When rock'n'roll hit," says Dan Davis, who began at Capitol in 1964 writing liner notes, "we weren't there. We were still selling Kingston Trio records."

The acquisition which dragged Capitol into the world of Top 40 radio was a surf-oriented band. Nick Venet, Capitol's token kid — who was 21 in 1962 and had produced

(continued on page 108)

Sex IN ADVERTISING

The debate is endless — do sexy ads sell or are they a waste of money? One of Australia's top creative directors does a Masters and Johnson on ten sexy ads.

THERE'S A BREED of animal called an ad watcher. Self-appointed pundits, they very rarely have any experience of advertising. They do, however, share one characteristic with agency personnel. They have the most vivid of imaginations.

The result is they see depravity and sin under every stone. From their privileged position of all talk and no responsibility, they pontificate loudly and at length about the wickedness of advertising to any long-suffering person who lacks the wit to escape them.

Frequently they also have some modest educational qualification that they feel lends greater authority to their views. Sociology graduates from distant TAFEs, infant teachers, and preachers from the newer fundamentalist sector seem particularly vociferous — thus once more confirming a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

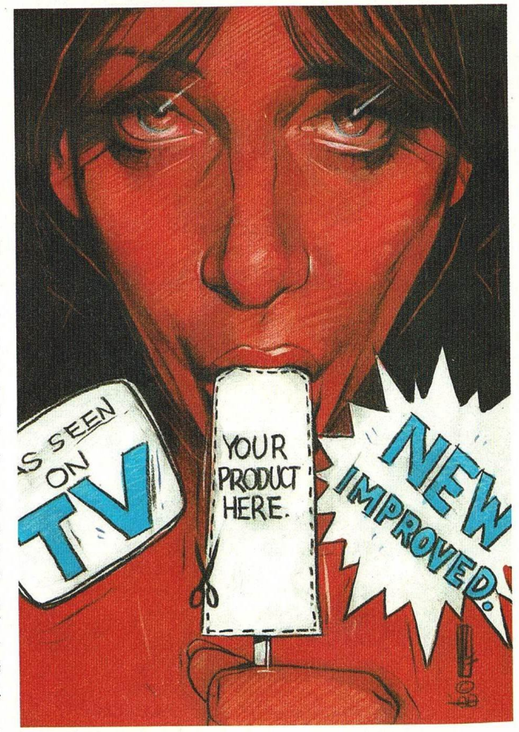


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

The popular view of the ad watcher seems to be that there's a world plot, similar to the Protocols Of The Elders Of Zion, whereby agency suits and creatives, behavioral psychologists and manufacturers have got together to manipulate the feeble collective mind of the masses.

Sex, always seen as disgusting by those who don't have enough of it, is the means by which this evil is perpetrated.

A few months ago I found myself on the *Ray Martin Midday Show* confronted by one of these sex-in-every-ad spotters. An otherwise amiable kind of cove, his eyes glazed over when he launched into his adman-as-Machiavelli theme. "A bit-of-the-other", he set out to demonstrate, is everywhere, all around us.

In pursuit of his point, he produced a very ordinary Peter Jackson cigarette ad. For some reason that escapes me, it was predominantly blue. This he saw as wildly erotic. A female member of the audience told me afterwards she was sure she could detect a modest preward movement from behind his zipper when he was suggesting this.

Blue, he went on to explain, was the color of water. This, I felt, was profound. Water, he continued, was wildly erotic.

He next produced an advertisement for a financial organisation called Interwest. This depicted a swimmer in a pool. Buy Interwest, it was apparently saying, and you'll soon earn enough to own your own swimming pool.

Not so, said the ad watcher. The blue of the water worked subliminally to render the market irrational, thus wickedly persuading them to buy Interwest bonds against their better judgement. My view was just a little different. I thought the only crime the ad committed was that of being boring.

The *piece-de-resistance* was his rabbit-from-a-hat production of an Epson ad. It was one of those world-class yawns that features James "I know nothing about computers" Dibble.

The logo, he pointed out, was in BLUE! By this time I expected to see the studio as the site of a wild orgy, with post-menopausal maiden ladies from Epping and Willoughby lust-crazed by the sight of all these blue ads, falling upon virginal camera assistants from Oxford Street. Instead, all we were treated to was some polite applause generated no doubt by a sign-off camera.

But at least I now understand why naughty

by **Dr KIM MUKERJEE**

movies have always been called "blue".

SEX IN ADVERTISING

Which brings me to the supposed purpose of this article: "Kim, write me an article on your 10 sexiest ads," said the editor.

And frankly I'm finding it hard. Uncovering the ads, that is. But after much research I've 10 that might just stir the loins.

The reason it hasn't been easy is because sex has long been recognised as having very little to do with selling. In fact it can be a positive disincentive. An imposing pair of Mansfield-sized mammaries are about the most effective way yet uncovered for making you forget the virtues of a forklift truck.

If you put sex in an ad it had better be relevant! It's also worth making another point, that naked people aren't necessarily sexy. Go to Bondi Beach on any Sunday in the summer and you'll be exposed to wall-to-wall bare boobs. See if they make you excited. If they do you could probably have a career as one of those easily agitated ad watchers we're talking about.

BUY MY MORGAN

My first sexy ad is home-made. A medical doctor friend of mine had to sell his Morgan at the behest of the Tax Department. Frankly it was a horrible car: small, noisy and uncomfortable. Anything less sexy would have been difficult to imagine.

He ran some ads on his own, and was mortified to receive only one reply. "Kim," he said. "Help!"

No one could want this rattletrap as transportation, I concluded. Let's endow it with some other characteristic. Psychologist Bob Montgomery once sagely noted that your most potent sexual organ is between your ears, and I agree. So I created a poignant and in most respects fictional story about the embarrassingly successful bird-pulling powers of the machine. The fair sex, I suggested, found the machine, and by inference any man in it, irresistible.

The ad appeared as an 8x3 in the *Financial Review*, and the following day featured as the lead story in the *Daily Telegraph!* You will be delighted to hear replies came from as far afield as the UK and the USA, and the car was sold for the full ticket price. What was also nice was the ad scored a Caxton and found its way into a couple of award books.

WHERE HAVE I BEEN ALL OF YOUR LIFE?

Peter Maisey and I worked as a creative team in London. At that time we had a copywriter of great good looks whom we wanted to fire but couldn't because I happened to be married to her at the time. (She's married to another creative director now. Maybe the phallic nature of our pens is a turn-on.)

Anyway, we had this problem: how to get rid of her without it costing me. So we dreamed up an ad. Peter got John Thorton to photograph her. She looked like a virgin. Appearances can be deceptive. Peter then did some great art direction and I did the rest. We couriered it out on a Monday morning to 20 leading creative directors. She was hired at Erwin Wasey by 10.30 the same day, and the ad found its way into the New York Art Directors Show and half-a-dozen other places as well.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN GOOD IN BED

Now for a magic ad. I'm not sure that it's sexy, but I wish I'd done it.

I am talking about that little gem that was running on TV in January for *Cleo* magazine: black background; white type that gradually and suggestively rises like a rampant willy; and the words, "What makes a woman good in bed?" I couldn't wait for my lady to buy the issue.

NAUGHTY KNICKERS

Next, an advertisement which features what must be the world's most transparent *double entendre.*

"You'll get a bang out of wearing these seductive teasers," promises Lili St Cyr in a handy little mail order ad for her range of particularly unsubtle nether garments. Wincyette nighties these are not! I bet the ad worked its brains out.

VIVE LA FRANCE

Radio is the orphan of advertising. Creative people, with the exception of Street Reinly, have rarely taken it seriously.

But for decades posters lived under the same unfashionable cloud. In France the Avenir poster company decided to tackle the problem head on. They took a prominent 36 sheet poster site in the centre of Paris, and up went a comely, full-frontal, bikini-covered portrait of a gamine model called Myriam. Beside it were the words, "On the 2nd of September I take off the top!" Oh yeah, said the blase French.

But the poster company kept its promise, and on the due date dutifully revealed as fine a pair of pert young boobs as you're ever likely to see. However, this time the legend promised more!

"On September 4th I take off the bottom." Every red-blooded Parisian male waited with bated breath.

And on the due date Avenir once again came to the party. However, instead of revealing what would have been the world's biggest pubes (it was, after all, a 36 sheet poster), they did the chicken thing by turning her around and revealing her pert bottom instead. The words? "Avenir — the poster company that keeps its promise." The company also made its point — posters can attract attention in a big way.

PEARLS BEFORE. . .

Graham Soper is one of Sydney's leading insolvency specialists. However, unlike many of his competitors who could be undertakers, he sees himself as being in the resurrection business.

Graham had a client who had invested in a cache of gem-quality pearls and then found he couldn't sell them. "Do me an ad that will move them," Mr Soper instructed Brand Management. "However, it had better be small because there's very little money to pay for it!"

"In the East," I wrote, "they believe grinding up pearls and drinking them makes you sexually more attractive. Personally I've always found giving them to girls works better."

The copy contained an invitation for would-be purchasers to climb the four floors to Graham's Pitt Street office. And they did... in droves. Sexy? I think so! Particularly because it worked. It also won us a Gold Clio.

HOT STUFF

Have you ever taken a sauna? They're a sophisticated form of torture created for Scandinavian masochists. The principle is simple: having sat in a box that's been heated to a temperature that would fry an egg, you then flagellate each other with a cat-of-nine-tails made of birch twigs. And if that's not enough, you then hurl yourself into an ice-cold plunge pool that's been set at a temperature designed to freeze off man's best friend.

The benefits? God only knows! And he wasn't telling. So we had to create something credible for our client, Tylo Sauna.

When there are no tangible benefits, concentrate on the intangible. And, in this case, because you sit in a sauna in the altogether, sex readily sprang to mind.

So we took a comely blonde art director and a virile young economics student and photographed them in the position you find yourself in just before you hit the horizontal. The promise was plain: there's no gain without pain. Or put more simply, "Take a sauna and you'll be better in bed. And what's more it's true!" Twenty minutes of hell, it promises, and you'll perform better in heaven. Someone must have believed, because the campaign pulled its little head off.

HOT STUFF II

Philips are a very straight up and down Dutch company. So it was a delightful surprise to find a singularly attractive blonde clad in nothing more than a sweatband and a wonderful pair of stomp-on-me high heels gracing an ad for their sun ray lamps. If this isn't sexy I can't imagine what is.

FULL FRONTALS

Maisey and I handled the Noise Abatement Society in the UK. The organisation suffered from two problems, a perennial lack of money and, more important, the fact that noise is seen as boring for everyone but the suffering people who are exposed to it. It has none of the appeal of the starving millions in Ethiopia or the shock-horror of AIDS. So Peter and I decided we had better use our limited resources rather like a banger let off behind an old lady.

Noise doesn't only make you deaf, it does lots of other horrid things as well: heart palpitations; cholesterol retention; reducing the size of the foetus in the womb, to name but a few.

We decided to use a full-frontal naked couple in order to make these points as effectively as possible. The advertisement was not meant to be sexy, it was designed to create a sensation. Peter set out to find models who were prepared to do the job.

This in itself was not difficult except for one small factor: we wanted the girl to be ugly, and ugly models are not easy to find.

Eventually he found a poor, sweet, plain young thing, through the good offices of a decidedly suspect South London amateur photographic club. The girl was just right. She had the world's worst pair of legs.

At the last moment the male member of the duo lost his nerve and didn't turn up to the photo session, but the photographer, Keith McMillan, a former ballet dancer, is never shy, particularly when left in the lurch. He set the camera on time exposure and ran around to the front of the camera.

As predicted, the ad created an enormous amount of attention. The Noise Abatement Society enjoyed a record press, more than 14,000 column inches of coverage in all. The girl became a 24-hour sex goddess and loved every minute of it. And Maisey and I added a few more awards to our portfolio.

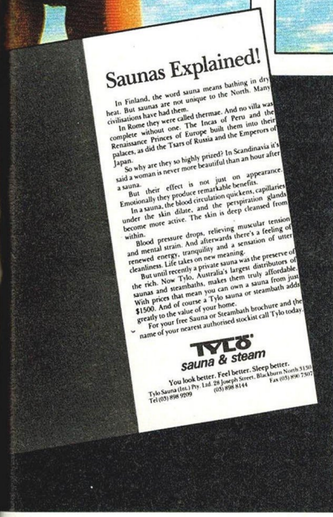
WHAT DO LOVERS DO?

Finally, Exclusively Yours, a modest chain of stores offering a monogramming service for towels and gymslips. At Brand Management we felt the public needed a new perception of their under-utilised services. From the prosaic we wanted to catapult them into a world of high perceived values. One of the ways we decided was to introduce a little sex into the mix.

We selected a centrefold girl as our model, a female of staggering sensuality. We wrapped a very lucky man around her and plaintively asked what lovers do after a shower. The answer in the small print was revealed as donning Exclusively Yours monogrammed, but the truth is that it would have needed a man with the iron will of Quentin Crisp to willingly cover up a body like hers.

●

So there you have it, 10 pieces of advertising material with sex built in, either by accident or by design. These worked; most don't. Which is why I for one have done so few.



Buy my Morgan.
Save my marriage!
I have a fire engine red '75 Morgan +8. 70 mph in 6.5 it also produces birds out of the woodwork. My wife handled all this until a blonde left a certain something under the seat. As a doctor I only use it on weekends so it's immaculate. It's a great investment. I'm looking for around $25,000 — from a bachelor! Telephone (03) 51 9811 daytime or A.H. (059) 88 2212.

Top: The advertiser delivers as promised — more or less! Bottom left: A little sex in the mix for a centrefold girl and a lucky man. Centre: The only way to sell a sophisticated form of torture! Right: How to sell a small, noisy and uncomfortable car that no one wants.

LIVE ON THIS PAGE! ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ DIRECT FROM THE RED FACES SEGMENT OF DARYL SOMERS' HEY HEY IT'S SATURDAY SHOW! ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THE WORLD'S NASTIEST MAN WRITES FOR PLAYBOY AND UPSETS EVEN MORE PEOPLE! ★ ★ ★

I DON'T HATE PEOPLE...I JUST HATE FAME

By RED SYMONS

IN JANUARY OF 1980, I was working at the Opera Theatre in Adelaide with Grahame Bond in his vaudeville musical comedy, *The Boys' Own MacBeth*. Adelaide is such that, each summer, in each of its two theatres, there are popular theatrical works, and one is a smash while the other fails. This year it was our turn. The "House Full" sign was dusted off.

Grahame and I had been rehearsing with the cast and we stepped out through the stage door into the hot, dry, late afternoon to be confronted by two gender-confused, post-pubescent boys staggering under the weight of their scrapbooks. Four-eyed and pimply, they beseeched, "Can we have our photo taken with you?" Filled with the grace that accompanies celebrity, with a sense that every fan is another tee-shirt marked up and sold, every autograph another small contribution to the superannuation fund, and masking our mild annoyance at being captured on the brink of freedom, we presented with the radiant smiles usually reserved for the social pages. We naturally consented. *Noblesse oblige.*

The two awkward-looking boys took turns. One posed while the other photographed and we all mugged.

"All done? Fine! Must be off." Busy people with exciting lives.

"But don't you want to see our scrapbooks?"

One of the traps of public life is that you spend a lot of time contriving not to be seen as the self-centred, utter bastard who was amply qualified for the job in the first place.

"Of course we'd love to see your scrapbooks! We are fascinated by every aspect of your personal lives." As Wilbur Wilde was to say, many years later, "We at the network still have time for the little people."

The neutered ones presented their trophies. We braced ourselves for visions of Aunty Madge in New Year's Eve deshabillee. We opened the book.

Inside was the most extraordinary collection of the renowned. Pimpled one and Frank Sinatra. Pimpled one and Barbra Streisand. Four eyes and Muhammad Ali.

As we marvelled and gushed, two realisations started to grow. Firstly, that these two youths kept far more celebrated company than we did; and secondly, and far worse, our own place in their scrapbooks would be somewhat to the rear, not even "also featuring", barely "supporting cast".

Fame is entirely relative.

I wonder where the word "fame" comes from. It seems altogether possible that it derives from the same root as the word "famine", which brings up an interesting point.

Amongst the famous, is it the public who are hungry for *them*, or is it the famous who are hungry for the public?

How do we measure fame? I, for one, hope that it is not in the valuing of autographs. Adolf Hitler had the good sense to limit the number of his signatures so that they now command much greater respect in the auction rooms than he ever did in life. I, myself, have squandered my imprint from Perth to Port Douglas and if you are the proud owner of my signature, then you are just one of the crowd. The fact that I misspelt your name does not increase its value, like a misprinted postage stamp or a flawed banknote. I'm sorry.

Funny things, autographs. Very few people who ask for autographs actually want them for themselves. It's always "for my daughter" or "for my nephew". The consumption of autographs follows Red's Rule For The Consumption Of The Unnecessary: *Sell one and someone will buy one for someone else who didn't want one.*

The record business is predicated on this notion, although it may not be aware of it. For instance, if you sell one hundred thousand records and reach the top of the charts in the month before Christmas, then a further hundred thousand copies will leave the shops destined for those who have always despised every artistic endeavor you ever undertook. The real culprits are the ignorant relatives who couldn't think of anything else. The socks and hand-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS

kerchiefs won't look so bad next year. Eh?

Autographs are just like this. I have signed autographs for children who, only seconds before, had whispered to their friends: "Who is he?"

Of course, since my current media persona is that of hatchet man and head kicker, I have carte blanche to simply say, "Fuck off!" and then the supplicants will happily skip off and tell their friends: "Red Symons told me to fuck off."

What St Francis of Assisi is to pet food, I am to the insult. I distribute them even-handedly and with great generosity of spirit. Conversely, however, I have been abused for being civil, even well-mannered, with people.

"Aren't you going to be rude to me?" they simper disappointedly. Well, we all have our off days.

I have spent some time in the presence of the great, and I have learnt to treat them as normal people. I once had a conversation with Brian Wilson from the Beach Boys. Where some people might have been reduced to speechlessness, I am proud to say that I have shared experiences with the great man, backstage at the Myer Music Bowl, without any embarrassment.

"Which way is the stage?" he asked.

"Just through that door," I replied, without the trace of a tremor in my voice.

If you do wish to chat up the famous, it's best to go in boots and all. I once met Steve Marriott from the Small Faces in a hotel lobby at two in the morning. We were both returning from our gigs. Seizing the moment, I decided to address him, even though we had never met and I had no reason to believe that he had ever heard of an obscure Australian band called the Skyhooks.

"Playing a bit loud, aren't we, Steve?" I suggested. This was an informed guess. All bands play too loud.

Shirley Strachan sniggered.

"Well, actually, we're playing a lot quieter now than we usd to," Steve responded apologetically. Steve Marriott eats humble pie.

Molly Meldrum once told me that the first time he met John Lennon, Lennon was sitting on a dais receiving people. When Molly's turn came, he tripped on the first step and flung the contents of his glass at the great man. Molly has never really changed his technique for getting attention and being remembered, has he?

Death is a very important adjunct to celebrity. A well-timed death, like a well-cut suit, can hide a multitude of flaws. How many of the people who went to see the Ritchie Valens film, *La Bamba*, would pay to see him play to 30 or 40 people in some outer suburban pub if he were alive today?

A properly orchestrated death, preferably just after one's career has peaked, can suddenly garner entry into various Halls Of Fame with other dead celebrities, many of whom may have been forced to keep working well into their twilight years in order to qualify.

But if you're going to do it, do it properly.

If you use barbiturates you may wish to be found in the pristine quiescence of your bedroom, asleep at last and forever, surrounded by the treasured mementos of a dazzling career and an ocean of white flowers. You do, however run the risk of being found with your head collapsed over the vomit-streaked bowl of your toilet.

Hanging is not a good look, either, and car accidents rob you of the opportunity of lying in state unless the head is sheared off cleanly. Clearly, the best circumstance in which to die is the assassination-by-a-fan scenario. If nothing else it proves that someone out there feels strongly about you.

I should like to take this opportunity to point out that I have never presumed myself worthy of such attentions. There are others out there far more deserving. Write to me. I'll send you a list.

The first mistake to be made about being a celebrity is to think that people like you. In fact, the opposite is more likely to be true. We are all consciously or unconsciously aware that the organs of communication are a vast fraud. Anyone who has ever been reported in a newspaper on the occasion of a car accident or a marriage is aware of the vast difference between the "facts" and what actually happened. So it is natural that the audience at large should resent any collaborators in this forgery of the facts.

Paradoxically, I sometimes think that musicians performing in film clips, because they are so flagrantly posturing and alienated, project a sense of honesty. It is as though they are saying, "Yes, we know that this is absurd."

The next mistake is to think that fame provides any reassurance or feeling of self-worth. In reality, two things happen.

The first is that the focus of one's feeling of self-worth narrows. Whatever one is perceived as being good at becomes the only issue, despite *Women's Weekly* plaudits to your home-making abilities.

Secondly, the dialectic of fame is such that until you succeed, you can never really appreciate the concomitant dimensions of failure: massive public failure. This is, funnily enough, one of the benefits of success. One of the most strengthening experiences of my life as a performer was being hissed by two thousand people.

"What does not destroy me makes me stronger" — Nietzsche.

"I survived my Cleo centrefold" — Red.

Of course, a major focus of people's interest in fame is sex. I think it is safe to say that being famous can be a great social lubricant. When the famous enter bars, beautiful, intelligent, sophisticated women feign lack of interest. Plain, unintelligent and unsophisticated women also feign lack of interest but without the same flair. Other men will want either to spar or to be an ally. The doorman will nod deferentially as if to an old friend.

However.

It would come as no surprise to Herr Freud that one of the great internal engines of motivation is the desire to make oneself attractive to those whose genital organs complement one's own.

Earlier this year I had the fortune, good or otherwise, of attending the "Ultimate Event" at Sanctuary Cove. This was definitely a bash for the famous. Those of repute from almost every field of endeavor were in much abundance: the entertainers, the sportsmen, the politicians, the despotically rich.

It was at this Anglo sacred site that I was initiated into one of the great mysteries of our culture. For a decade or more I had thought that being in good odor in the world of rock'n'roll would make me magnetically attractive to women. I thought that my picture in the social pages was signalling like the blue arse of a baboon. To my despair, I have discovered that it is the grotesquely wealthy of this world who truly have heart-stopping appeal.

And they call ME cynical.

So, why bother with this pursuit of celebrity?

Well, it is probably no coincidence that a large number of the entertainers in the country are £10 migrants. It is not that the British have greater wit or musicality anymore than that Australians in London have an innate criminality. But if you spend your childhood years as a transient addressing unfamiliar audiences (read "schoolyards"), then inevitably you become a little more skilled at it than your contemporaries.

The final word on fame is best expressed by the retelling of an experience that actually happened to me in Sydney about a year ago. I caught a cab outside the Sebel Townhouse and the instant I got into the cab, the cabby was all over me like a rash.

"That's incredible!" he said "That is just incredible. I was thinking of you just before you got in the cab. I can't believe it."

Feeling pleased with myself, my ego having been thoroughly massaged, I contentedly sat through the short ride making small-talk. When we arrived at the destination, the driver had a last request. Reaching into his pocket he found a crumpled piece of paper.

"My daughter is your greatest fan," he said. "She would be so happy if you were to just write her a few words and give her an autograph. Her name is Michele. Just write: 'To Michele with best regards from *John Farnham*.' "

Naturally, I obliged.

It seems to me that anyone who ever wanted to be famous gets everything they deserve.

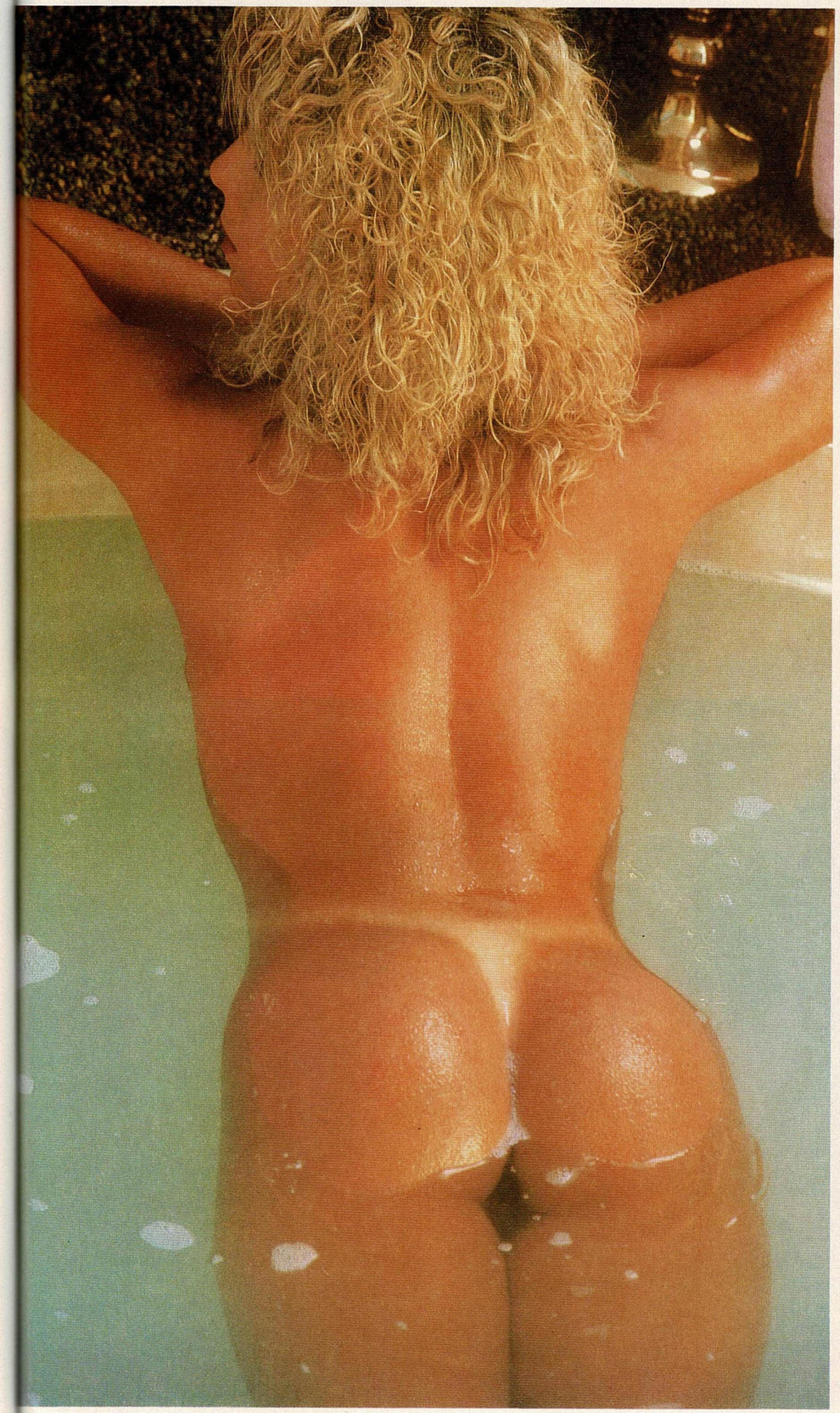
"I knew when we met we were just right for each other!"

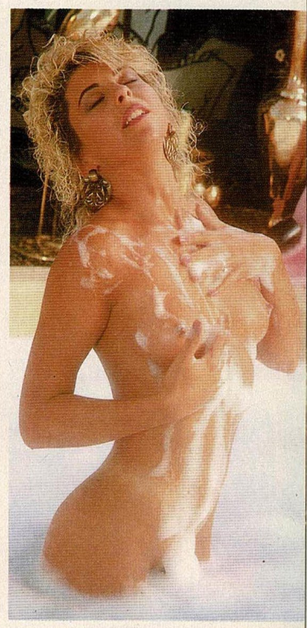
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

TANJA ADAMS

THE NUBILE NOVOCASTRIAN

PLAYBOY EXPOSES ONE OF NEWCASTLE'S BEST KEPT SECRETS. . .





The New South Wales industrial city of Newcastle has never been known for its glamor; far from it. But times have changed, men, and taking a beautiful girl to Newcastle, Australia, could be like, well, taking coals to Newcastle, UK.

Having been tipped off by eager locals that this often-forgotten city secretly harbors more than its fair share of gorgeous women, *Australian Playboy* went in search of hidden beauty in Newcastle, and what did we find?

We found Tanja Adams, or, more precisely, Tanja found us. She's a delightful woman who has her head screwed on properly, as people from the backblocks are wont to say. Tanja knows what she wants, and she damn well knows how to go about getting it. On top of her list of things to do with her life is travel and modelling. This girl of Polish extraction has had a taste of the mundane working life and has decided it's not really for her.

After leaving school she signed on as a dental nurse, and served for one and a half years. So how did she enjoy dental nursing? She says: ''Personally I hated it. The work got too boring, although looking down people's throats all the time isn't quite as awful as you would imagine. When you're looking at someone's face upside down, it doesn't really look that bad.''

Tanja decided to hang up her nursing outfit, and went on a cruise to Fiji which whetted her appetite for more travel. She's also a great believer in keeping fit and trim, which explains why her body is in such beautiful shape. She's keen on aerobics and lifts weights, not to build muscle but simply to tone up. Recently she qualified as a weight-lifting instructor and the hints she'll be giving local girls on how to stay in shape will ensure Newcastle girls will remain fit and attractive.

Her next major ambition is to travel around Australia — she says Australia is such a big country and she wants to see as much of it as she can before contemplating ''settling down''. She says: ''Newcastle has been good to me, but now I need a change.'' So if you're travelling a lone highway somewhere in this sunburnt country, and you come across Tanja, say: ''Hi, haven't I seen all of you somewhere before?''

Tanja says she's not sure if she's anywhere near the image of a perfect woman, but she's made her mind up on what constitutes the perfect guy. ''He must be taller than me,'' she says, ''and he must be romantic. He must like going out for dinner, and he has to enjoy sleeping in all day when it's raining.'' So let's hope we're in for some heavy rainfall!

NAME
Tanja Adams

BUST
81cm (32")

WAIST
61cm (24")

HIPS
81cm (32")

HEIGHT
157cm (5'2")

WEIGHT
49kg

BIRTH DATE
15/8/67

SIGN
Leo

AMBITIONS
To travel Australia, continue as a model and become a qualified fitness instructor.

TURN-ONS
Sexy lingerie and a man to appreciate me in it; going out for dinner and being romantic.

TURN-OFFS
Whingers, people who don't respect other people and their property, getting up early, hangovers.

FAVORITE MOVIES
Three Men And A Baby, Cocoon

FAVORITE SPORTS
Aerobics, weightlifting, fishing

FAVORITE TV SHOW
The Twilight Zone

FAVORITE FOOD
Mexican, anything hot and spicy, banana smoothies

FAVORITE PERFORMERS
James Taylor, Violent Femmes, The Cars, the Steve Miller Band

SECRET FANTASY
To live in a mansion on an island surrounded by crystal-clear water, somewhere secluded enough for me to wander around naked most of the time.

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Tanya Adams

PARTY JOKES

The Governor-General called in the Prime Minister.

"In view of your services to the Commonwealth," he said, "Her Majesty is considering giving Australia Dukedom status and making you Duke."

The PM shuffled around uncomfortably: "Ah. . . no thanks, Gov, it's against. . . er. . . party policy."

On the next day, the Governor-General announced: "Her Majesty has reconsidered and is prepared to make Australia a Principality."

"And me Prince?" interjected the PM excitedly. However, after fiddling with his ear, he reluctantly refused, tactfully stating that it was too high an honor.

On the occasion of their next meeting, he asked if there had been any further developments from the Palace.

"Well," replied the Queen's representative, "Her Majesty can't create another Kingdom. As King, you'd be on par with Her. Accordingly, it has been decreed that Australia will remain a Country."

An astronaut landed on another planet and found it populated by beautiful humanoids. The women were as lovely as any he'd encountered on Earth and their culture was far more advanced. A stunning blonde scientist, for instance, showed him how they produced babies: rather than growing in the female womb they were distilled in vats and decanted in best sci-fi style. She stirred the mixture, heated it, cooled it and then, to the astronaut's astonishment, a perfectly formed baby materialised.

His beautiful instructor then asked him how babies were conceived on Earth, so at her urging he took her to a bedroom and demonstrated the process for about half an hour, an interlude she obviously enjoyed.

As they lay together she became puzzled and enquired: "But where is the baby?"

"That takes nine months," explained the astronaut.

"So why did you stop stirring so soon?"

A middle-aged gent walked into his local pharmacy. By the counter next to a large canister of jelly beans was a canister of condoms. A sign above read CONDOMS PERSONALLY FITTED ON PREMISES.

Behind the counter was a beautiful young assistant.

"Are you the one who fits the condoms?" enquired the gent.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well go and wash your hands — I want a bag of jelly beans!"

A man walked into a pub one day and noticed a jar of $2 notes on the bar. He called to the landlord, "Hey, what do I have to do to win that lot?"

"Well, if you go into the yard and make the donkey laugh, it's yours."

"It's a deal," said the man and walked outside. Soon everyone in the pub could hear the donkey laughing. Then the man returned to collect his money and sat sipping a beer.

"How did you do it?" said the landlord, astonished.

"Trade secret," replied the man and went out.

A few weeks later he returned and saw the jar was full of $5 notes. "What do I have to do to win that?" he asked.

"This time," said the landlord, "you have to make the donkey cry."

"No sweat!" said the man and walked outside. In no time the entire pub could hear the donkey bawling its eyes out.

"How did you do it?" begged the stunned landlord.

"Trade secret," answered the man again.

But this time the landlord was determined to find out the secret so he plied the man with drinks and when he reckoned he was full enough he asked him again.

"Well," stuttered the man, "the first time I told the donkey I had a bigger dick than him, and the second time I showed him!"

A golfer was searching for his ball in the deep rough when he saw a tiny witch crouched by a tiny cauldron. The little woman asked him how his golf game was going and the man replied that it was terrible. She told him to take a sip of her brew. When he had done so, she asked him how his sex life was. He confessed that it was worse than his golf game. She told him to take another sip. The man thanked her and made his way back to the fairway.

A month later, the same man was looking for a friend's golf ball when he spotted the witch.

"How's your golf game?" she asked.

"Terrific," he replied.

"And your sex life?"

"I'm averaging once a month."

"Hmmm. It should be better than that."

"But it's not bad for a priest in a small town who doesn't own a car."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to the Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

IN COUNTRIES ALL around the world, aiming a 1.68 inch diameter ball into a 4½ inch diameter hole is a sacred ritual which millions practise each Sabbath. In common with other religions, golf embodies high ideals — play the ball as it lies, play the course as it's found, do what's fair — and exhorts adherents to enter not into temptation. Of interest to theologians, moral philosophers, and students of human nature, perhaps even to those trying to cure their slice or improve their putting, is a peculiar moral imperative: golf demands self-inflicted punishment for transgressions of its rules.

Such rules require, at the very least, Talmudic scrutiny. One's ball may come to rest in a bunker against a half-eaten pear (with no pear trees in the vicinity) or manage to stick to an orange which has obviously dropped from the tree above. Can the player obtain relief, move the ball without penalty? Or the player's drive may slice from the tee right back into the clubhouse. Naturally he'll wish to know where he can open a window and play his second shot out of the locker room.

The conscientious golfer will equip himself with the latest edition of *Decisions On The Rules Of Golf*, a 450-page paperback which fits neatly into any golf bag. For those who dare to tee off with something a bit more condensed, there's the 136-page pamphlet. Unwieldy? Hardly. These publications represent nothing less than a major effort to make accessible the Rules (upper case R). Before a major 1984 revision, golfers had to contend with a two-volume, 900-page affair, about as accessible as the minutes of the Roman Curia. This becomes all the more poignant when you realise there are only 34 rules.

The Rules emanate from the font of wisdom and the ultimate authority for the game, the Royal And Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews, Scotland. The Royal And Ancient's sway extends everywhere except over courses in the United States, Mexico and the Philippines, where the United States Golf Association reigns supreme from its stately Georgian headquarters in Far Hills, New Jersey.

Just how this demarcation was established is lost in history. Perhaps it had something to do with the advance of the British Empire. What is clear is that as golfers ventured forth from the original St Andrews links, the Rules had to adapt to new terrain and new ecology. Balls encountered anthills (the anthill may be removed without penalty; if the anthill is home to fire ants, the player may take relief) or came to rest in bunkers alongside the remains of dead bogong moths. The dead bogong moth, as a natural object, may not be shifted; the rules appear to treat anthills as a construction project. During the 1967 Women's Mid-Amateur Championship in the US, the tournament committee afforded relief to the player whose ball came to rest against a dead squirrel which, though a natural object, was feared to carry disease.

Over the years the USGA and the Royal And Ancient have become quite chummy about the whole Rules process. Their Joint Negotiating Committees meet regularly and at four year intervals issue revised rules for the game. The Rules will become uniform throughout the world in 1990. The one remaining difference is small but basic: the size of the ball. Americans tee off with a 1.68 inch ball, Brits hit the smaller 1.64. The British ball will disappear in two years. (Although Australia is linked to the Royal And Ancient, most local players already play with the larger ball — it is compulsory in all local professional tournaments.) And in a generous departure from Anglo-Saxon tradition, motivated no doubt by their responsibility to the entire world, the bodies began issuing metric measurements in 1984 — the size of the larger ball is officially 42.67mm.

Transatlantic harmony reigns on such matters as the troubling ice question. If a ball lands in a pile of ice cubes, as distinct from a clump of ice caused by the climate, what are the golfer's options? The former is considered "manufactured" and therefore an "obstruction" which may be moved without penalty. Prior

Q.

If your ball lands on a newspaper, can you burn it to improve your lie?

Q.

Can you move a dead bogong moth? A live tiger snake?

No question, the biggest hazard on a golf course is the rulebook.

Article by WARREN KALBACKER

PAINTING COURTESY OF THE OLD GOLF SHOP, CINCINNATI, OHIO

to the Rules revisions of January of this year, ice cubes were considered either "loose impediments" or "casual water". Casual water wouldn't have required a penalty stroke; the player could have simply moved the ball a club-length away. However, if the player had chosen the loose impediment option and had inadvertently moved the ball while clearing away the ice (in this case, the impediment), he would have been penalised a stroke.

Of course actually getting the ruling poses other problems. If a foursome in a quandary queries the club pro or the Committee (with a capital C, the body which administers the tournament or course) and the question cannot be immediately resolved by a reading of the Rules (the Committee has no power to waive the Rules, a rule made clear as Rule 33-1), the Royal And Ancient and the USGA stand ready, if not necessarily eager.

The Rules Of Golf Committees of the USGA and the Royal And Ancient thrash out decisions which weigh upon every golfer who's tempted by what Frank Hannigan, senior executive director of the USGA, terms, "the national inclination to nudge the ball to a better lie".

Hannigan, an affable man who with Tom Watson wrote *The New Rules Of Golf* and whose labrador retriever shares his office, claims the system for decision-making on the USGA is "surprisingly democratic" with a 12-member committee deciding on questions referred by players and professionals. With five members from the USGA board and seven consulting members, including representatives of the PGA, the PGA tour and the LPGA and "distinguished elders", the Rules Of Golf Committee's decisions become precedent for the sport, akin to law in the non-golfing world. Major tournaments have been decided on arcane questions that percolate through the system, as Craig Stadler discovered at the 1987 San Diego Open. He knelt on a towel to hit a shot from under low-hanging branches and was disqualified for "building a stance". The rule had been decided upon just two weeks earlier to resolve a question raised in the 1982 NCAA championship tournament. Sadler's infraction would probably have gone unnoticed (he himself knew nothing of the rule) except that someone Hannigan describes as a "Rules Of Golf nut" spotted it on a video.

Just how high a "stance" does the thickness of a towel afford, anyway?

"That question irritated a lot of people because the circumstance seemed so remote," Hannigan admits. Alas, *somebody* must make the Rules, so the Committee eventually "throws up its hands and puts things to a vote".

"On some of these goddam decisions no answer is going to make any sense," says Hannigan. "What's really important is that you have answers and that people accept the answers."

But back to the course. If golfers have trouble accepting dirty trousers, they can accept a penalty. If they spread a towel when no one is looking, they will, of course, inflict that penalty upon themselves. The Committee has also judged the half-eaten pear in the bunker to be forbidden fruit; it is as a natural object, and in a hazard, a player may not move it. That there was a bite in the pear and no tree in the neighborhood did not sway the members into granting it the status of an obstruction and therefore providing relief to the golfer. The golfer whose ball became embedded in the orange was offered the option of "playing it as it lies" or declaring it unplayable and suffering a penalty stroke.

"Critics would accuse us of having a tortured set of rules," says Hannigan. "But don't forget the nature of the game and the nature of the playing field. You're talking 125 or 150 acres [*50 to 60ha*] out there and balls bounce and rest in screwy little places. This is not like a tennis court."

Of course, golf does demand creative play, the ability to "invent a shot". Top money winner Tom Watson offers an illustration: "You have to think out a problem when you don't have a swing for it. Your ball may be up against a fence and you can't swing right-handed. You may have to play it out left-handed with your putter."

On the other hand, the rules forbid certain options which some may construe as creative. If the ball lies on a discarded newspaper, it is not permissible to burn the newspaper and create a better lie. (Rule 13/2/12). The golfer whose drive landed back in the locker room may, however, open the window and attempt to hit it back on to the fairway. He should be wary of kneeling or standing on any towels, though.

Lest the Rules Of Golf Committees be accused of being crotchety bodies (one member of the USGA, a leading lawyer in civilian life, once asked that a petitioner withdraw a question rather than subject the Committee to the pain of deliberating it), Frank Hannigan insists his organisation is capable of "bursts of humanity". It once ruled a rattlesnake an "outside agency" and penalised a player for moving her ball outside of fang range. The golfer's partner had insisted she play the ball where it lay and graciously volunteered to ward off any attack. The eventual ruling clarified language which had dealt only with worms and insects and made no mention of a possible life-threatening situation. A worm poking out of the ground may be removed without penalty. Environmentally concerned golfers whose drives land in birds' nests may also move the ball without penalty, a gesture perhaps to endangered avian species.

In addition to its environmental awareness, the USGA was one of the earliest converts to arms control. A 1938 rule limits a player to 14 clubs; at the time some pros were building arsenals of up to 25 per bag. Nevertheless, golfers have encouraged weapons development — sorely testing the patience, if not the moral authority of the USGA. The precise design standards for balls and clubs, are determined at the USGA laboratory at Golf House, a place packed with instruments, a wind tunnel, and a mechanical golfer dubbed Iron Byron (its swing is patterned after that of legendary pro Byron Nelson) which hits shots out on to an instrumented test range. A legal ball, for instance, may fly no farther than 297 yards (271.5m). The building is a favorite attraction of camera-toting Japanese

(continued on page 110)

"I'm putting the power on."

"Who is she, Robert? You've been tripling your daily dose of Vitamin E."

GOING DOWN IN STYLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT BUTCHER

Fashion editor Vitek has a few tips on how to attract the opposite sex by the color of your equipment.

Sometimes there's snow, sometimes there isn't, but one thing's for certain, when you head off for a skiing weekend you're bound to bump into just the sort of members of the female gender you'd most like to go on the piste with.

More than most sports, skiing requires specialised equipment. The look on the slopes is becoming more and more important, too, because unless your skiing is so hot that what you wear doesn't matter, your outfit can be a big part of your success rating. The ski clothes manufacturers are obviously very happy about this, and last year they started producing outfits that are color-coordinated with the skis and bindings to give you a totally put-together look. As always, for safety reasons, the colors are bright and contrasting, and the materials, which are totally waterproof, are becoming more affordable every year and are available from all leading ski shops.

Right: If you fall over and want to stay down without getting wet, the new range of coveralls from Salomon made from a lightweight nylon are for you. The pair on the left are $390; skis are Oper XP33, in a wide range of colors from Rossignol ($450); glasses by Ray Ban ($160). On the right, the dry tech pants by Tails ($240); Flash jacket by Snug ($157); skivvy by Maser ($22.50); Far right: Things can get very, very hot on the slopes, especially if you're skiing with 1985 Playmate Of The Year Ali Lynwood. SHE is nearly wearing New York pants ($160) and the Astrid jacket for $220, both by MG Signature. Her boots are by Nordica ($330). HE is trying to stay cool by wearing only dungarees by Tails ($90), with Popover jacket by Salomon ($270) wrapped around his waist; skis are the XP33 from Rossignol ($450) with bindings by Salomon ($225).

This page: Just to make sure you don't go unnoticed on the slopes, here is a veritable explosion of color — now everyone will see you going down. Left: Pants are the 807/08 — by Roberto Tonini ($260); jacket from Snug by Margot ($340); white skivvy from Thermo ($32); the ski is a Rossignol XP11 ($660); the glasses are by Bolle ($120). Right: Jacket from Snug Team ($340); pants are the S10/05 by Roberto Tonini ($162); boots are the SX91 by Salomon ($580); poles are Synchro by Kerma ($46).
These three look like they might be ready to more than just ski together. Left: A one-piece thermolight from Skiss ($285); boots by Nordica ($335); gloves by Gates ($87); beanie by Sportive ($18). Her jacket is also from Skiss ($225); ankle boots by Pola Treds ($50); gloves by Gates ($68); goggles by Alpina ($25); poles by Dynastar ($65). Right: One-piece jumpsuit by Skiss ($335); Bolle goggles ($92); poles and skis from Dynastar ($790); boots are the NS786 from Nordica ($330).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KARL SCHWERDTFEGER

20 QUESTIONS: **VINCE SORRENTI**

The head-shaking wog from the western suburbs in a full-frontal assault about first jokes, first pokes, dying on stage, and what to do when the audience just won't laugh.

Vince Sorrenti kicked off 1988 by taking television viewers (about four million of them, according to the ratings) on a hilarious walk through the delis and pizza joints of Lygon Street, Carlton, on the Australia Live telecast. He may well finish 1988 by walking into his own television show.

The 26-year-old rubber-faced Italian-Australian from the ethnic wilderness of Sydney's western suburbs has made the quantum leap from cultish club comic to multi-media celebrity almost overnight. His regular appearances on Don Lane's Late Night Australia have confirmed what Sorrenti fans already knew: that there is a lot more to this lapsed architect than a shake of the head (the slapstick Sorrenti trademark) and a good line in self-deprecating "wog" jokes.

People who are so bored with life that they actually analyse comedy might conclude that Sorrenti's style fluctuates wildly between the intellectual and the anti-intellectual. The rest of us would simply say that the man is hellwa funny. Senior contributing editor ***Phil Jarratt*** *tracked the comedian down to his plush apartment above the mean streets of Sydney for a spot of soul-searching.*

1.

PLAYBOY: How many pairs of glasses do you really own?

SORRENTI: Eleven pairs. But they're absolutely necessary. I have them for all occasions because I can't see a thing without them.

2.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you can't see the audience?

SORRENTI: Well, you can't really see them anyway, with the light in your eyes. I wear contact lenses on stage but look, I don't want to see the audience. It can be quite scary. A mate of mine gave up stand-up comedy because he used to look into the audience and think, how many of these bastards would I have over to my place? You have to get that out of your mind, but it's hard sometimes. I mean, I like to get drunk and yell and have a good time, but some of these guys, you wonder what they've paid money to come and do.

3.

PLAYBOY: Why do Australian comedians start their acts by saying "fuck" a lot?

SORRENTI: Unfortunately people find it funny. If you'd walked in the door and the first thing I'd said was, "Get fucked", you wouldn't have been offended, you would have half-smiled. People always buy blue records because they can't believe what they're hearing. They'll take them home and say, "Hey, listen to this! He said 'cunt'!" It's bizarre, isn't it? It's not just Australians; Italians laugh at that kind of stuff too. In Italy there's a chain of restaurants called La Parolaccia, which means "the swearword". You go in there and the waiters treat you like shit. "G'day, cunt," and then they spill the spaghetti all over you. People love it. Actually there are restaurants like that in Australia but they're regarded as normal.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is your mother a Vince Sorrenti fan?

SORRENTI: Oh yeah, great fan and she's a great comic too. Most of my humor comes from my mum. She just has to open her mouth and people laugh. She always gets things wrong but she doesn't care. She's one of those people who does not want to learn. She'd prefer to get it wrong and give everyone a laugh. She'll say, "Don't stand outside on the dark." Stuff like that.

5.

PLAYBOY: What was it like being a young wog in Punchbowl?

SORRENTI: One of the reasons I do what I do now is that when I was a kid I had a lot to overcome. I was a wog, I was fat, I was working class. I was reasonably popular at school, quite cool in fact, because I was warm and funny.

6.

PLAYBOY: Did you resent being cast in the role of clown?

SORRENTI: Not then. Sometimes I do now. I feel like I've outgrown that persona so why do I have to be funny? I sometimes yearn not to be funny. I imagine most comics do. I think a lot of people become comics because they're compensating for something else. Rodney Dangerfield's famous line "I got no respect" is a comic truism.

7.

PLAYBOY: Why do so many architects become comedians? Is designing buildings a bit of a joke?

SORRENTI: It's the education you get. It takes six years and you learn absolutely nothing and yet everything. Nobody will teach you anything, you just have to absorb it. It's a very creative process. If you're designing a building you have to understand something of the history of buildings — what will work and what won't. When you're telling a joke about a subject you have to fully understand that subject or it won't be funny. For example, how many zen buddhists does it take to change a light bulb? Fourteen. Seven to change it and seven not to change it. Now, if you don't know anything about zen buddhism that's not very funny. Right? I'm sorry, I've got my head up my arse. Funny is funny, that's all.

8.

PLAYBOY: If the arse drops out of the funny business, so to speak, and you go back to architecture, what will you do?

SORRENTI: I'm really interested in urban design, the human side of architecture, the way people relate to the city. We're lagging behind the rest of the world in this. City living is very much a concept of the 1980s. Before Martin Plaza there was virtually nowhere in inner Sydney to stand around and talk. Now we've got one they've filled it up with shit — garden furniture and stalls and so on.

9.

PLAYBOY: You live right in the heart of the city. What do you hear at night?

SORRENTI: Fighting mostly. You don't have neighbors here, you have witnesses.

10.

PLAYBOY: What was the worst thing that ever happened to you as a kid?

SORRENTI: That's a hard one. I don't think of my childhood as particularly traumatic. I was a good fighter so I didn't get beaten up. I was bad at school but I was a pretty good student too. I did some crazy things but I never got arrested. What set me and my sister apart from our relatives was that we didn't have this strict Italian upbringing. They were all ruled with an iron fist and they grew up sad and twisted. Our family was always very close and loving. My father treated us with a lot of respect, although he doesn't any more. He lost all respect when I started shaking my head on TV.

11.

PLAYBOY: When did you discover girls?

SORRENTI: Late. I went to a boys school. We used to go out with girls but we never really got into 'em until I was about 20.

12.

PLAYBOY: Twenty! Oh come on, Vince.

SORRENTI: No, really. I was a late bloomer. I'm still making up for it. I can remember the first time. It was her first time too. Nervous, drunk, we checked into a motel. I was determined to do it in style.

13.

PLAYBOY: What was the first joke you told on stage?

SORRENTI: Well, it was a routine rather than a joke, and quite sadistic too. It was about Con Valentine, which was a send-up of those John Valentine ads that used to be on TV. [*Italian accent*] Are you-a sick-a and a-tired of household chores? Sick of-a going to work every day to make-a a living? Sick of seeing those moronic friends a-day in, a-day out, eh? Can't go on another day? Well, then, cancer is for you. My name is Con Valentine of the Con Valentine Self-Destruction Organisation. We can set you up with a program of smoking and tanning that will have you six feet under in a box in less than six months. Even if you never before touch a cigarette in your life, we'll have you coughing your lungs up in no time at all. Our tanning machine is switched way above the ultra-violet danger limit and just a few minutes each day will have your skin rapidly producing cancerous cells. In our social room you'll meet people who are just as sick of living as you are, and we provide hamburgers, chips, jelly, ice cream and other things to get your cholesterol level soaring. So remember, if you look good, we don't look good.

14.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when the audience won't laugh?

SORRENTI: I attack someone. I single some bastard out and pick on him. People like a bit of confrontation and they'll get interested. Like, if it's you I'd say: Jeez, your mum dressed you funny today. What are they, pyjama pants? Last time I saw a head like yours it was being carried out of the fish market. This guy is so ugly, ladies and gentlemen, he walks in to rob a bank and they turn the cameras off.

15.

PLAYBOY: Another string to your bow, if we could mix a metaphor here, is your talent as an accordionist. Have you ever considered a musical career?

SORRENTI: No, I'm a pretty shitty accordionist, actually. Italian kids are born with an accordion grafted to their hips.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy being a famous comedian?

SORRENTI: Well, it's a joke, isn't it? I can't believe I get paid for doing this. And the really funny thing is that people think it's hard to get into comedy. It's not. It's much harder to get out. You're kind of trapped. I was speeding through the Cross the other night and a carload of cops pulled up next to me at the lights. They wound down the window and I thought I was gonna get booked. You know that they did? They all shook their heads and went "Waaaah!" I lost all respect for policemen.

17.

PLAYBOY: Do comedians hate each other's guts?

SORRENTI: They do and they don't. They need each other. It's like if there was a nuclear war and there was only you and me left. You have to get on. Being a comic is a bizarre way to earn a living. It's a paranoiac, schizophrenic, psychotic existence.

18.

PLAYBOY: You walk into a bar. There's Rodney Rude, Austen Tayshus, Kevin Bloody Wilson and George Smilovic. Do you tell each other jokes?

SORRENTI: No. Comedians tend to talk about dying on stage. The classic death story: a friend of mine was called in as a ring-in to do a New Year's Eve show in Townsville. This guy works pretty dirty, swears a lot, but he had to work super clean up there for about 40 minutes, which is a long time for a comic. And you should never work on New Year's Eve. People expect too much. They want to get laid, they want to get pissed, they want everything and it's always a let-down. So he's up there in front of this huge room and he's dying. Not only are they not laughing but they're staring at him, thinking, how dare you! So one guy gets up and he's the spokesman for the audience. He says, "I think I can speak for everyone here. We've all paid good money to be here and we're absolutely disgusted." Everyone stood up and cheered. So then he comes off stage and the manager says he's disgusted too and they're not going to pay him!

19.

PLAYBOY: At 26 you must be somewhat awe-struck to be working with the real legends of the business. People like Don Lane. . .

SORRENTI: Mum and Dad and Don are thrilled by it.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite sexual fantasy?

SORRENTI: I used to have this one about having sex with a Norwegian girl with long blonde hair and we'd be in this chalet overlooking a fjord, and she'd be bent over the window and I'd be giving it to her from behind while I surveyed this whole scene. It was like I was rooting Scandinavia. I have another fantasy where I'm on the Concorde and I'm having sex with an air hostess from behind while looking out the dunny window at the curvature of the earth. Sick, isn't it?

"What'll it be, Original or New Crispy?"

THE WORLD'S HER OYSTER

Emily Arth's a girl who enjoys being footloose and fancy free.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

round The World In 80 Days is a book Emily Arth has read. And it's a book she's lived. Okay, it took her more than 80 days to see the world, but she did it nonetheless: Japan, The Philippines, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Mexico, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Saipan, France, Hungary, Switzerland, Haiti and Kenya are only some of the fantasies she's visited. The daughter of a man who has held jobs all over the world, Emily had ample opportunity to travel — and she grabbed every chance. She has explored places as disparate as Bali ("an island paradise"), Salzburg in Austria ("I went there for the music"), and Nairobi, Kenya ("It's so different, it's like everything in *Out Of Africa* and more. It's definitely one of my favorite places.")

Globetrotting has made Emily versatile, open-minded and eager to learn more about other cultures and other times. She reads constantly. But don't imagine it's all lighthearted fare. We encountered her at breakfast one morning engrossed in *Doktor Faustus* by Thomas Mann. Next on her night table: *The Idiot* by Dostoievsky. "I'm on a classics binge," she admits. "I wouldn't call myself cerebral, really, but intellectual things do appeal to me." Who says beauty precludes brains?

Occasionally, Emily's books clash with her treks. "I was reading James Clavell's novel *Shogun* on the subway in Tokyo and the Japanese were very disapproving. They said that *Shógun* should not be considered true Japanese history. I don't know whether or

not any of them even read the book." She laughs. "Oh, well, it was fun to read."

What else tops her reading list? Cookbooks. At one time Emily's ambition was to be a *cordon bleu* chef — but now she's content to have quiet dinner parties with menus that include vichyssoise, saddle of veal stuffed with spinach paté, and raspberry tarts. "I can't draw, I can't write short stories, I can't compose music, but I am a creative cook. Eventually I'll develop my own recipes." She's happiest when preparing an intimate dinner. "Cooking, for me, is a labor of love."

Emily's other love is music, a passion inherited from her mother, who was an opera singer before she married. Emily was only 16 when she was accepted at university as a student of the piano. However, hours and hours of solitude at the keyboard didn't suit her style. "I'm far too social to bury myself in a practice room for years on end and I really didn't want to give my life to the piano. I have too many other things I want to do.

"I'm so adaptable I'm almost like a chameleon. And I like to do a variety of things – listen to opera, cook a gourmet meal, ski, camp, sail, swim and sometimes just relax."

RAMBO (continued from page 39)

Stallone was quoted as saying he feared First Blood would be the most expensive home movie ever made.

coming up to press it and ring the phone.

He picked it up. "Yes. . . Yes. . . Yes. . ." He set down the phone. "Excuse me. My mother-in-law wants me to drive her to the airport."

And that was the last time I saw Richard Brooks. Turman and I were rushed to my car, and as we drove from Brooks' estate, Turman said pensively, "Something's wrong." Indeed. The next day, Turman was no longer the film's producer. Brooks added that function to his duties as writer and director, and Columbia phoned my agent with a message from Brooks. Now that the contracts were signed, the next time I was to have anything to do with this movie would be when I paid my three dollars to see it.

Ah, Hollywood. I can't say I was disappointed when a year later Columbia looked at Brooks' script and sold the property to Warner Brothers. Indeed my spirits soared.

For 10 years after its publication, the story passed through three movie companies, 18 screenplays, and such directors (after Richard Brooks) as Martin Ritt, Sydney Pollack, and John Frankenheimer. Paul Newman, Al Pacino, Steve McQueen, Clint Eastwood, Robert DeNiro, Nick Nolte, Brad Davis, Powers Boothe, and Michael Douglas were all considered to play Rambo. The novel became a Hollywood legend. How could so much money and so much talent be spent on an enterprise that somehow couldn't get off the page?

Part of the reason was the mood of the '70s. America's involvement in Vietnam had ended badly, and feelings about the war were bitter. The few films that referred to Vietnam reflected this attitude. *Coming Home* is a good example. For the most part, movie executives sensed that American audiences didn't want to be reminded of defeat.

But another reason *First Blood* wasn't filmed for so long has to do with actors and scripts. In the middle '70s, I met Sydney Pollack, a brilliant director who mentioned his involvement with Steve McQueen on the project.

"McQueen? He's one of my favorite actors," I said. "He'd be great as the cop."

"Well, that's the problem," Pollack said. "Steve liked the motorcycle chase. He wanted to play the kid."

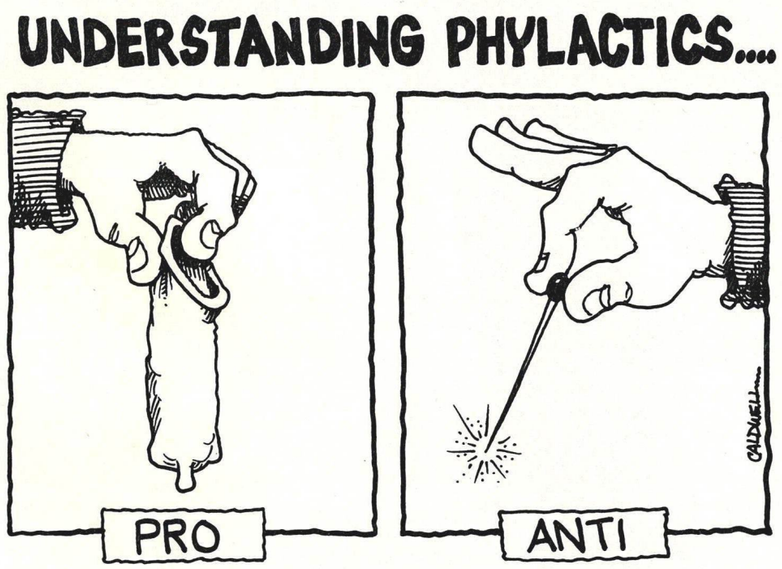
"Rambo? But McQueen. . . "

"Looks too old for the part. We had to adjust the story. It didn't work."

That typified the problem — how to match actor and role.

And the scripts? One version had a character describe Rambo as the Bobby Fischer of guerrilla warfare. Later, Rambo demonstrated his superior craft of the forest by breaking into a commercial cave and looting the vending machines. The police chief kept having to urinate every time he was threatened. I couldn't tell if I was reading a drama or a comedy.

Years passed. I wrote other novels, banked my movie-sale money (not an option but an outright purchase) and despaired that *First Blood* would ever be filmed. A new decade arrived. Now Reagan was in the White House. America was feeling optimistic again. The defeat in Vietnam seemed behind us.



At this point, two film distributors named Andrew Vajna and Mario Kassar, successful in the Orient, decided to become producers. Seeking a project, they happened upon the legendary *First Blood*. The script they read was by William Sackheim and Michael Kozoll (the latter a co-creator of *Hill Street Blues*). With modification, the story would play well in America, Vajna and Kassar thought, but more important, their experience in foreign film markets told them that the movie, if it emphasised action, would attract large audiences around the world.

Provided they found the right actor. These days, audiences forget that in 1981 Sylvester Stallone's only film successes had been as Rocky. I'm talking financially, not aesthetically — his work in *Nighthawks* and *Victory*, to name two of his other films, is excellent, I think. But money is the bottom line in the movie business, and when Vajna and Kassar offered Stallone the role, industry observers were sceptical. For that matter, so was Stallone. At the time, he was quoted as saying that he feared *First Blood* would be the most expensive home movie ever made.

On the contrary, it grossed $120 million dollars and became a cult classic.

●

The most important change between my novel and the film almost didn't happen. I killed Rambo in the book to emphasise the futility of war. The film's producers intended to have him die as well. In a vault in LA, there's a film clip in which Rambo shoots himself. But second thoughts prevailed. Another ending was filmed, and Rambo lived.

I don't object, though I would never change the ending of my novel, in which Colonel Trautman, Rambo's former instructor, is his executioner. The reason I don't object is that Rambo in the novel causes so much destruction that the authorities would hunt him down, even if they had to use a Nike missile. But Stallone's revision of the script makes Rambo so reluctant to use force, so sympathetic a victim, that his survival seems justified.

The producers decided to let Rambo live so the audience wouldn't feel depressed as they left the cinema. No sequel was planned. But once the film became a hit, Rambo's survival became a blessing for Vajna and Kassar. Let's do it again, they thought, and in 1985, *Rambo (First Blood Part II)* turned out to be among the all-time box office triumphs, a world-wide phenomenon.

I blessed the attorney, who in 1972 had charged me $500 (at that time, a fortune for me) to revise the fine print in the movie contract.

"David, you now have profit participation not only in the *First Blood* movie but in any sequels."

"Sequels?" I cringed, convinced I'd wasted my hard-to-come-by $500. "But almost every major character's dead at the end of the novel. How the hell can there be sequels?"

"David, you don't know what Hollywood can do with a novel. It might end up as a musical. By the way, I've also asked for profit participation on any merchandise associated with the film."

"Merchandise?"

"Dolls. Lunch boxes. Television cartoons. Who knows? Anything's possible. That's why you hired me. To predict the future."

"Dolls? Impossible!"

How wrong I was.

●

So I agreed to write a novel for *Rambo (First Blood Part II)*. In the first place, no one else could do it. I hold the literary copyright. That's something else my wonderful $500 attorney put into the movie contract. The producers can do anything they want with Rambo on film, but I'm the only writer allowed to publish fiction about him.

In the second place, I began to see the chance to accomplish something distinctive. Novels based on films are usually transcribed screenplays. But the bargain I made with Vajna was to follow the bones of the movie's story and yet to add, subtract, color, and interpret as I wished, to write a *novel* based on a plot that happened to be supplied to me. I'd always wanted to do a *First Blood* sequel, but with Rambo dead, it had seemed impossible. Now with Rambo resurrected, I saw my way. And in the process, I also saw the way to counteract the backlash I sensed some critics were ready to slam toward Rambo.

The truth is Rambo hates war. He loathes what he is and what he's been trained to do. He reacts with justified rage only when pushed to the wall. On the set of *Rambo III*, Stallone and I talked at length about this issue. Anger's a last-resort emotion, we agreed. People shove you around, and most of the time you acquiesce. Why retaliate unless it's an ultimate issue? If your family's threatened, you have to respond. Or your life. Or your country. But it has to be a genuine threat. Otherwise it's better to back away. Because if it's absolutely necessary to retaliate, you have to go *all* the way, and you have to accept the consequences. That's the secret to Rambo. Fate pits him against relentless bullies, and like the gunslinger determined to retire, he reluctantly straps his guns back on to his waist.

●

When Vajna and Kassar hired me to write the initial script for *Rambo III*, I felt that Rambo's fundamental anti-war stance could be sidetracked only if Trautman, Rambo's surrogate father, were in serious trouble.

Eventually the story's setting was changed from Central America to Afghanistan (to get away from the confining forest and jungle of the first two pictures, to give *Rambo III* a totally different look, the stunning scope of a desert.) Stallone prepared a brand-new script, necessarily changing the story to fit the Afghan war. But he agreed with my interpretation of the character, with Rambo's desire for peace. Eliminating Trautman's wife and daughter, Stallone decided to put Trautman himself in jeopardy, captured by the Soviets on the Afghan-Pakistan border.

Early in the story, Trautman asks Rambo to help train Afghan refugees so they can go back to defend their homeland. Rambo refuses: "I won't get into another war." But now with Trautman captured, Rambo has no choice. Compelled by love, tortured by guilt, he sets out to rescue the only man he trusts.

●

So you know my bias. I'm tired of critics giving Stallone bad press. His income has been widely publicised, mostly with negative connotations. Hey, would you turn down a ton of cash if someone offered it? Sure as hell I wouldn't. And then there's Sly's personal life. It's none of anybody's business. How's *your* life doing these days? Would you like your privacy violated? Of course not. Gossip columnists have pried and twisted and distorted beyond the point of tastelessness. In my experience, he's been modest, generous, humorous, intelligent, and extremely verbal, a great guy to talk to. *Rambo* doesn't speak much, but that's a character. As Sly says, "What people don't understand is, I have to communicate Rambo's silent intensity, everything he's thinking, the anguish he's feeling, just with my eyes. Critics should try it some time. To communicate without words is challenging, frustrating, terribly difficult."

In Rambo III, Trautman asks Rambo to train Afghan refugees to defend their homeland. Rambo refuses: "I won't get into another war."

Then there's the Rambo backlash. Politics. In October of 1987, Nicaragua's President Ortega made a UN speech. "Let President Reagan recall," Ortega said, "that Rambo exists only in the movies. The peoples of the world do not want Rambos. The peoples want men of peace." The US delegation walked out in protest, and they were right, as far as I'm concerned, because Ortega was wrong on several counts. Rambo exists in *print* as well as the movies. And Rambo, like the "peoples" of the world, wants peace.

Rambo, as a generic word, has become, in fact, a substitute for thought. "US Rambo Jets Bomb Libya," the London *Times* announced when I was on a British book tour in 1986. The word is in dictionaries, it's a favorite of sports announcers, and it's always misinterpreted either in militaristic or macho terms. On my tombstone, I've requested the following: "Here lies David Morrell, who invented a word that few understood." The Rambo character is violent, yes, no question. But only as a last resort.

Let's talk about the violence. If your idea of entertainment is *The Sound Of Music*, the Rambo movies aren't for you. They're action pictures. You could say you think their action's excessive. To me, the *Star Wars* movies have far more violence. Of course, *Star Wars* happens a long time ago in a galaxy far away whereas Rambo addresses controversial contemporary issues. It's true that most Vietnam vets didn't suffer post-trauma stress syndrome. But then most Vietnam vets didn't belong to the Special Forces, Rangers, Recon, or Seals. The soldiers in those cadres learned skills no one should *ever* have to learn, let alone put into practice. Their missions were nightmares with long-lasting psychological consequences. I've never yet spoken to a veteran who didn't identify with Rambo's turmoil.

But what about the objection that the second Rambo movie took advantage of — made money from — the painful possibility that some American soldiers are still imprisoned in Vietnam? The truth is, the film's producers were trying to draw attention to an issue most members of the audience knew little about. *Rambo II*'s worldwide success prompted American politicians to increase their attempts to discover if there were in fact American POWs in Vietnam.

In that same movie, after Trautman asks Rambo to return to Vietnam and relive its horrors, Rambo responds, "Sir, do we get to win this time?" A much-quoted line, sometimes used by critics who claimed that the film was pandering to America's frustration for having lost in Vietnam. The line was misinterpreted. From the script, it's clear that the line's intent is to blame politicians (represented by a cynical CIA agent) for getting America involved in Vietnam in the first place, and then for hampering the military's effort in the conflict.

A crucial scene between Trautman and the government's representative examines the controversy about America's failure to honor a $4 billion war reparations agreement with Vietnam. If Americans are still imprisoned in Vietnam, it's because our government reneged on its bargain. Throughout the Rambo movies, this message is consistent: *The establishment is the enemy.* In *Rambo III*, a government representative agrees to help Rambo rescue Trautman from the Soviets in Afghanistan: "But if you're caught, we'll deny any knowledge of your existence." Rambo answers despairingly, "I'm used to that."

The new movie will no doubt cause more controversy. Rambo against the Russians in Afghanistan. I can imagine the further accusations of Red-bashing. But the Russians have forced six million Afghans from their country. Millions of others have been exterminated. The new spirit of cooperation between the Russians and the West sounds good, but at the moment, in real life, the Russians are practising genocide. *Rambo III* reminds us of that fact. It's action-adventure, but it's also passionate about its message. Popular yet serious. A paradox. Like Rambo — a man of peace yet war.

DISC, DAT AND THE OTHER THINGS

Digital audio tape, high definition TVs, CD-V, Surround Sound — you ain't seen or heard nothing yet.

LESS THAN A generation ago, we gazed in wonder at color TV, and marvelled at the sonic sock that stereo brought to our hi-fi systems. If we adjust yesteryear's dollar to what's left of today's, that vintage video cost as much as, if not more than, today's best monitors, and the venerable Garrard turntable of early stereo systems cost more than a basic CD player does now. Well, start saving pennies to boost your audio/video budget, because the consumer-electronics industry, which has been struggling under the burden of a sluggish economy,

By RICH WARREN

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED BENDER

is about to rise again and tempt you with previously undreamed of viewing and listening experiences. In 1959, Rod Serling figuratively welcomed his audience to a new dimension in his *Twilight Zone* series. In 1988, we invite you — literally — into the new dimensions of home electronics.

HOT TO DAT

Digital audio tape (DAT) delivers what office copier companies only promise: perfect copies. A tiny cassette, about half the size of the standard audio cassette, can hold up to two hours of compact disc quality sound. In other words, it shrinks the CD to shirt pocket size.

Being digital, DAT performs many of the same tricks as CD. Slip a recorded tape into the deck and a display automatically tells you the number of tracks and their length. Skip forward or back to the desired tracks by touching the appropriate buttons, or program only the tracks you want to hear. These functions may resemble CD, but they happen much more slowly, since the tape has to physically shuttle back and forth, compared with the quick flick of the laser on a CD player. Unlike CDs which should never wear out, DAT tapes ultimately will deteriorate. Ignore rumors that DAT will supplant CD. Cassettes never replaced LPs.

Although both DAT and CD use similar digital systems, they are not identical. Therefore, even if your CD player includes a digital output (as many do), and the DAT recorder has a digital input (as a few will) you won't be able to make direct digital copies from CD to DAT. Should some technical genius come along with a black box that matches CD to DAT, copies would still be impossible, since most CDs incorporate a digital copy prevention code. This digital code doesn't impair the audio.

All the subtle differences in the digital system, and the digital copy prevention code, don't affect analogue copying. You simply copy as you do now from the line outputs of the CD player (or amp or receiver) into the line inputs of the DAT recorder. Even this method results in remarkable transfers, with inaudible sonic losses.

This ability to make near perfect copies has piqued the ire of the recording industry. Since the announcement of DAT over two years ago, record companies have attempted to stifle sales by requesting an integrated circuit chip be incorporated in every machine to block recordings of discs and pre-recorded tapes but recent legislation in the US Congress has vetoed this, meaning there is open go on home recording.

Since the main controversy concerns DAT's recording ability, the first models that have become available are DAT players designed for the car because they only have playback capability. Alpine presented a demonstration model last year. However, the Congress decision changes the situation and we can expect to see domestic models appearing shortly.

"You and your first-date lectures on sex. She just sucked him off in the driveway!"

SUPER VHS

To corrupt the lyrics of that old pop hit: "We can see clearly now/The grain has gone. . . " sums up the biggest video breakthrough since the home VCR itself. Most household products debase the word "super" through hyperbole, but not Super VHS (S-VHS). If any doubts still exist about the supremacy of VHS in the world of home video, S-VHS settles the question once and for all. Even Beta's stalwart founder, Sony, announced it would begin marketing VHS machines in the US this year.

The difference in picture quality between conventional VHS and S-VHS is about the same as viewing enlargements of two photos, one shot with 110 film, and the other with 35mm film. The reason for the video improvement is roughly analogous to the advantages of the 35mm film. While JVC, the developer of VHS, couldn't actually make the tape wider, recent developments in technology enabled it to electronically stretch the tape.

This wider bandwidth permits recording more video information, and thus more lines of resolution. S-VHS tape, conceived by 3M (Scotch), marks a dramatic improvement over conventional video tape, serving the same purpose as improved photo film.

S-VHS decks remain compatible with older VHS decks and tapes. The S-VHS deck automatically senses tape type. Insert a standard VHS tape in an S-VHS machine and it records or plays in standard VHS. You can even use S-VHS tape as a premium high grade tape in your standard VHS machine, but the recordings won't be S-VHS. The one impossibility is playing tapes recorded in S-VHS on a standard VHS deck.

S-VHS decks will sell here for just under $2000, and that is likely to fall pretty quickly. But blank tape will cost $40-$50, about triple the price of standard high grade tapes. That only sounds expensive, since recording at the slow EP speed on S-VHS equals or exceeds the picture quality of the high SP speed on regular VHS.

S-VHS faces one main obstacle, similar to owning a high performance track car and not being able to find a petrol station that sells high octane fuel. Software companies and commercial duplicators say they are waiting until enough people purchase S-VHS machines before releasing S-VHS movies.

HIGH DEFINITION TV

High definition television (HDTV) widens your horizons. It stretches that almost square TV screen to a rectangle, similar in ratio to a movie screen. But there's more. With HDTV, TV looks like the movies, with a picture that's perfectly solid, displaying absolutely no lines of resolution. The bad news is that HDTV won't be receivable on your present TV set, or even the one you buy next year. Taping HDTV requires a special VCR, souped up even beyond S-VHS.

RCA/GE has developed an HDTV system, or more accurately, an improved definition TV system, called advanced compatible TV (ACTV). Existing TVs would show the normal picture, while new, specially designed TVs would have a wider screen and improved picture quality. Since the system works within the standard TV channel, it can't transmit all the information necessary for true HDTV. Recent demonstrations show ACTV to have the picture quality of S-VHS, far from true HDTV. RCA/GE expects its system to be ready early in the next decade.

While it may be the 21st century before we watch broadcast HDTV, the Japanese have begun tooling up to provide it from discs, tapes and satellite. It could also be transmitted via cable. Engineers in Europe and Japan are laboring to develop converters that would make HDTV systems compatible with existing TVs.

Once you view HDTV, you'll find your old TV hopelessly square.

CD-V AND CD+G

Compact disc-video (CD-V) and compact disc plus graphics (CD+G) promise more confusion than an election year. Both offer pictures from CDs. That's where the similarity ends.

A CD, of course, is a 12cm digitally encoded audio disc that holds up to about 70 minutes of music. It's on its way to becoming the standard of music reproduction. LaserVision, on the other hand, started as 30.5cm video discs, and added 20cm discs along the way. It recently added the ability to include CD quality digital soundtracks. LaserVision developed a small but loyal following in the US and Japan for its superlative 420 line video quality, unmatched until the recent introduction of S-VHS.

Last year, the electronics industry decided to fuse CD and LaserVision together under a single family name: CD-V. In Europe, Philips, a prime proponent of the system, introduced a 12cm CD which included five minutes of full motion video, as well as 20 minutes of audio. The LaserVision quality videos sounded as good as CD.

Virtually every manufacturer and record label jumped aboard the CD-V bandwagon when it rolled into the spotlight at the Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago in May 1987. They jumped off just as fast when the consumer response to audio/video discs fizzled.

Now in the US, about 50 titles have been released on the small discs, and about 20 titles on the 30.5cm ones, in addition to the hundreds of existing LaserVision titles. By the end of this year, there should be a few hundred more releases.

But when Sony and Philips designed the CD, they built in a hidden bonus. The full 73 plus minutes of music only occupies 95 percent of the disc. The remaining five percent, called the subcode, provides space for still graphics. Hundreds, if not thousands, of still pictures can be encoded on the CD without affecting the quality or quantity of the music.

So guess what was introduced at the 1988 Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas this past January? Something called CD+G (for graphics). Users select from up to 16 different channels of graphics, with a switch on the CD player or CD+G adaptor, just like on a TV or VCR. Warner New Media, the power behind CD+G, suggested song lyrics in several languages, sheet music, guitar chords and fingering, opera librettos, photos, interviews with the performing musical artist, extensive album notes, disc jockey cues and creative art graphics to match the music as some of the visual possibilities. The cost of creating all these graphics might be substantial, but the expense of encoding them on a disc is minimal. Warner will release 50 CD+G titles of its own this year, and has extended the offer to encode for other record labels for a modest fee.

At present there are no plans to introduce CD+G in Australia, but if it takes off Stateside, it can only be a matter of time.

SURROUND SOUND

A good magician shades the line between illusion and reality. Dolby Surround Sound enhances the illusion of reality. Movie theatres exploit Dolby Surround Sound, seducing you to return for the cinema experience. Most recent films encode the Surround Sound on the soundtrack. Now here's the big secret: the same encoded Surround Sound information survives the transfer to video tape.

Dolby, the company that developed Surround Sound for cinemas, manufactures no home Surround Sound products, but rather licenses the process to other electronics companies, and until recently home movie buffs only enjoyed the mildest form of Dolby Surround Sound. But this year, Dolby's cinema system, which utilises a computer-type micro-chip that steers dialogue to the centre channel while increasing stereo separation, became available for home use in the US under the name of Dolby Pro-Logic.

Shure, an American electronics company, licensed Dolby's basic Surround Sound process, but improved upon it with its own logic circuitry.

For Surround Sound, in addition to the processor, you'll need a pair of front channel speakers, a pair of rear (or side) channel speakers, a centre dialogue speaker for above or below the TV screen and a subwoofer. The rear channel speakers and the centre dialogue speaker need not match the quality of the front stereo speakers. You'll also need three stereo amplifiers to power all those speakers.

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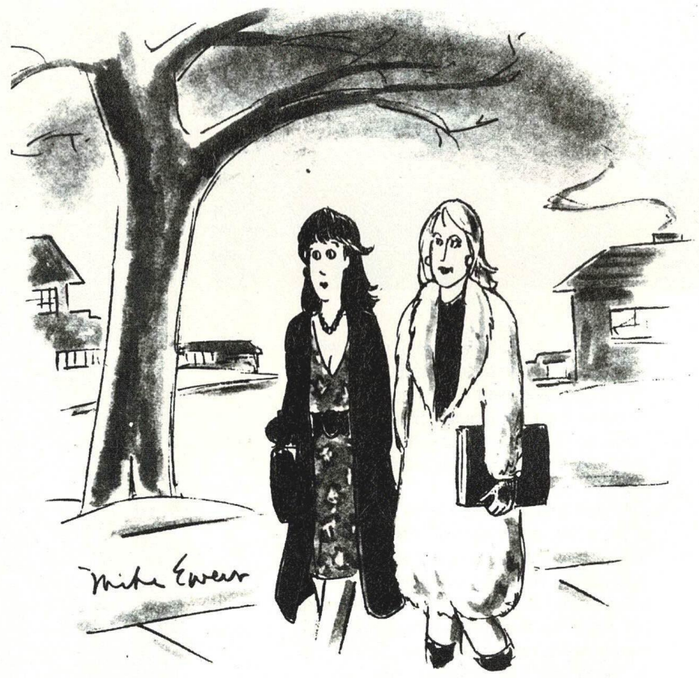
You get the picture? You also get the sound and a lot more. Tomorrow just happened and it's waiting for your imagination to catch up. Over a hundred years have passed since the invention of the phonograph. New age music arrived early, but new age electronics arrives now.



"How do you do it, Stephanie? Raise a family, hold down a great job, and still find time to screw my husband?"

take me to your cleaner

What is the mystique of the cleaning lady? Graham Barry explains.

CLEANING LADY. . . ah, those magic words which so enraged Steve Martin in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* (his mother was a mistreated cleaning lady!) have a quite different effect on me. Say "cleaning lady" to me and the world turns mellow, the light seems softer and my libido kicks into high gear.

My experience of cleaning ladies is a long and, on the whole, profitable one. After all, there's only me and my two boys and our house isn't exactly small. Naturally, working full-time, and with two kids who wouldn't understand the word tidy if it kicked them in the bum, I have found it necessary to employ a series of "ladies who do", even if only to retain my sanity.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC THOMASSON/HORIZON

But why then do I see them in a sexual context, so far removed from the traditional image of apron, mop and bucket? Why do I see them as figures of some allure? Well, I guess it all began with Lily.

The plain fact is that the traditional daily help has changed beyond recognition over the years. Chances are the average cleaning lady will now be a girl in her late teens or early twenties making a few bucks on the side to see herself through uni. Indeed many of the most efficient are actually male, but they don't really interest me.

No, Lily was very definitely female, in her mid-twenties. She was escaping from a difficult relationship in New Zealand, and she had a little girl aged about three who she used to trail round with her from job to job. Cleaning houses was a way of getting by while she settled in.

We clicked immediately. She looked like a typical gamine, a kind of imp of mischief, and she had a sense of humor to match. Because of the nature of my job and the age of my younger boy I found myself spending quite a bit of time at home when she was there and we found we had a common taste in movies and music. I soon realised we had a common interest in something else when one morning she told me what she'd been doing the night before.

Apparently a male friend of hers (platonic, she assured me!) had taken her to an Oxford Street sex cinema, just to see what it was like. "They had a floor show," she told me, "which consisted of a fuck, live, on stage."

"What do you mean?" I asked in sheer disbelief (these things were in their infancy in the early '80s).

"Well," she said, "it was a little sketch of two people having breakfast together. The wife, fed up with her husband reading the paper, crawled under the table and sucked him off. Then she got a bloke from the audience and gave him a fuck!"

We became more and more chatty, and then she offered to trim my beard. She stood in front of me snipping away, and I couldn't resist folding my arms around her. "If only things were a bit different. . ." I said. She giggled, and said, "The feeling's mutual, I promise you!"

In truth I was as horny as hell. My girlfriend was overseas. Before she left she'd told me to have a good time, but I had vague ideas of being faithful. Now I wasn't so sure.

Lily used to do her cleaning in one of those amazing overalls much favoured by Lesbian Feminist Separatists, but I'm here to tell you they make an ideal erotic garment for heterosexuals. After we'd kissed and cuddled for a while I found that by turning her round it was a simple matter to pop open the side buttons and get one hand on her breasts and the other on her pussy.

So there we sat. Unfortunately her little daughter Tina, an evil snub-nosed version of Lily, could tell at a distance of 20 metres when her mother's attention was being diverted and she quickly sprung us. "Why are you sitting on Julian's daddy's knee?" she demanded.

Tina's presence made it difficult for us to actually get it together until Lily stayed late to help when I had English friends staying with me. The memory of her arse rubbing against my erection was still all too fresh in my memory — I'd become obsessed by it in fact — so I took the chance to slip away upstairs to where she was working and whispered to her that we should do it again. Her eyes lit up. She quickly turned round and dropped her overalls round her ankles. Underneath she was wearing the most amazing French knickers. "Where on earth did you get those," I breathed. "Don't worry about that now," she giggled, "just get them off!"

Again I was rubbing against her, then asking just for the hell of it if I could slip it between her legs. She bent forward and it was in. . . and then a heavy pounding on the stairs dictated that it was out again, as a dour English voice called, "Graham, where are you?"

"You'd better pull yourself off in the bathroom later," giggled Lily as I staggered through the door.

Finally, one morning it was too much for the both of us, and I whispered in her ear, "Let's just go and have a fuck in the shower" — the bathroom being the only room with a lock on it.

"Just let me get the kids fixed first," she answered quietly.

Ninety seconds later we were in the bathroom, ripping each other's clothes off. We humped against the bathroom door for a solid 10 minutes until I could stand it no longer and sat on the loo seat, where she straddled me and brought me to a delicious orgasm. Sheer bliss at top speed and still time for a shower together before the kids got bored.

Once that initial need was met we had a great time, feeling each other up whenever the kids weren't looking, playing with each other under the table while they munched fairy bread (the next time I was thrilled to find she had no knickers on at all, which she told me was all the rage under jeans). And with her delightful sense of humor she'd take the opportunity to flash her tits at me at the oddest moments.

But all good things come to an end, alas. The New Zealand connection was calling, and what's more my girlfriend was due back. Things were becoming complicated, so we kissed a fond goodbye while we still could.

So spare a thought for the not-so-humble cleaning lady. I certainly do — after all the next one might be another Lily.

CAPITOL RECORDS *(continued from page 52)*

An A&R chief kept rejecting the Beatles when EMI offered them. "He'd say, 'Aw, they're nothing.' "

hits by the Lettermen and Kingston Trio — heard a demo recording of *Surfin' Safari* and wanted the Beach Boys, but had to argue with executives to get them to pay the group a $300 advance for each master recording they could provide Capitol with.

His actions were quickly justified. The Beach Boys were an immediate smash with *Surfin' Safari, Surfin' USA, Surfer Girl* and all the rest, and Capitol began rushing the group for so much product that by the end of 1964 the band had produced seven albums, and Brian Wilson, declaring himself "so mixed up and so overworked," was on his way to his first nervous breakdown.

By then, the Beatles were on Capitol Records — even if it was almost by accident. An A&R chief kept rejecting them when EMI, which had signed them in England, offered them to their American partners. "He'd say, 'Aw, they're nothing.' " The band's first records were distributed by several small labels. Shortly after Capitol signed them, the Beatles blossomed and injected life into the company; along with the Beach Boys, they made Capitol dominant in the mid '60s. The Beatles — who once occupied all 10 spots in the Top 10 in 1964 — blinded Capitol, made it lazy about pushing its other acts or signing up new ones.

When the Beatles fell apart, so did Capitol. Albums by the various solo Beatles kept the cash flowing into the Tower, but by 1971, it was in trouble.

In 1967, Capitol observed its 25th anniversary. In a special issue of *Cash Box*, a lead story reprised the glory years and then, as it must, listed the current roster. There were, of course, the Beatles, along with a few other British acts signed by the EMI arm. On its own, Capitol named, under "newcomers," the Beach Boys, Nancy Wilson, Lou Rawls, Buck Owens, the Lettermen, Wayne Newton, the Four Preps, the Stone Poneys (with Linda Ronstadt), a one-hit group called the Outsiders and a couple of no-hitters. That's a padded list, when you consider that the Four Preps had been with Capitol since 1956, and that the Beach Boys, Wilson, Newton and the Lettermen all dated back to the early '60s.

When the 1970s hit, Capitol went on a belated signing binge, made deals to distribute smaller labels' artists, and built up an A&R staff of some 30 people. The overhead, combined with the loss of the Beatles, amounted to a $15 million loss for the fiscal year ending in June of 1971.

"They were backing up some bad A&R and sales judgements," says Smith. "And shipping records like crazy, saying, 'This is a hit and if we put another 100,000 out on the streets it'll automatically be a hit.' That was part of a philosophy in the '70s for many albums: 'Ship platinum!' 'Ship double platinum!' "

The records kept getting shipped back as plain old vinyl. Towers of unsold records. In 1971, a perplexed EMI shipped Bhaskar Menon in from London.

Menon, now 53, is a native of India and a 29-year warrior in the ranks of Thorn EMI. He is chairman of Capitol Industries-EMI Inc. and chairman and chief executive of EMI Music Worldwide. Imported to the Tower in 1971, he cranked up the executive turntable, ordered a drastic cut in both the employees and artists roster, and moved Capitol back into profit. He even tried to get Joe Smith in 1972, but Smith was tied up with Warners. Regardless, Capitol enjoyed a healthy few years through the mid '70s, with loads of thanks to Grand Funk Railroad and a Pink Floyd album that never left the *Billboard* charts, and began an expansion program, buying up United Artists Records (which gave the company Kenny Rogers) and Screen Gems Music, and starting up a new label, EMI-America. In the early '80s, Capitol-EMI enjoyed record profits — and then crashed again.

In 1984, Menon began a new assault. He opened a New York base with Manhattan Records; he reactivated the bountiful jazz catalogue of Blue Note Records; he put new life into the country operation out of Nashville and the classical label, Angel. And he reached out, once more, for Joe Smith.

This time, he got him.

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Smith swears he didn't miss the record business when he retired. He still saw his industry buddies — usually at games or charity dinners. When Bhaskar Menon called, he was working on a book — an oral history of pop music — and he had just taken on the presidency of NARAS (The National Academy Of Recording Arts And Sciences), the folks responsible for the Grammy awards. He was busy and content. He didn't need the pressures or the money that comes with running a record company.

But as he started thinking about the Capitol job, something dawned on him. He knew what Capitol needed and he also knew he was the only executive both able and available for the job. That thought saddens him, because it's just further proof that his generation failed to recruit the next group of leaders. "One theory is that drugs were so much a part of our business culture in the '70s that people didn't work as hard. Those of us who were running the companies were just a shade ahead of that. We grew up in a relatively drug-free culture, so maybe we came from a different ethic, and we were very serious and hard-working. But the people we thought were going to be the leaders — all of them failed in one way or another."

There were other reasons, he admits. Adding a third major record company to his resume — most of his peers have topped out at two — appealed to his ego. Capitol, with its history, roster and international connections, held special allure.

Smith has moved quickly, grabbing top-drawer executives from other labels; naming a new president for the Capitol label (David Berman, from Warners); merging the EMI-America and Manhattan labels; realigning his label and division heads to give each one total autonomy and accountability (a theory he learned at Warners) and, shades of Bhaskar Menon in 1971, trimming the roster from more than 200 to about 150 acts, while on the prowl for new signings.

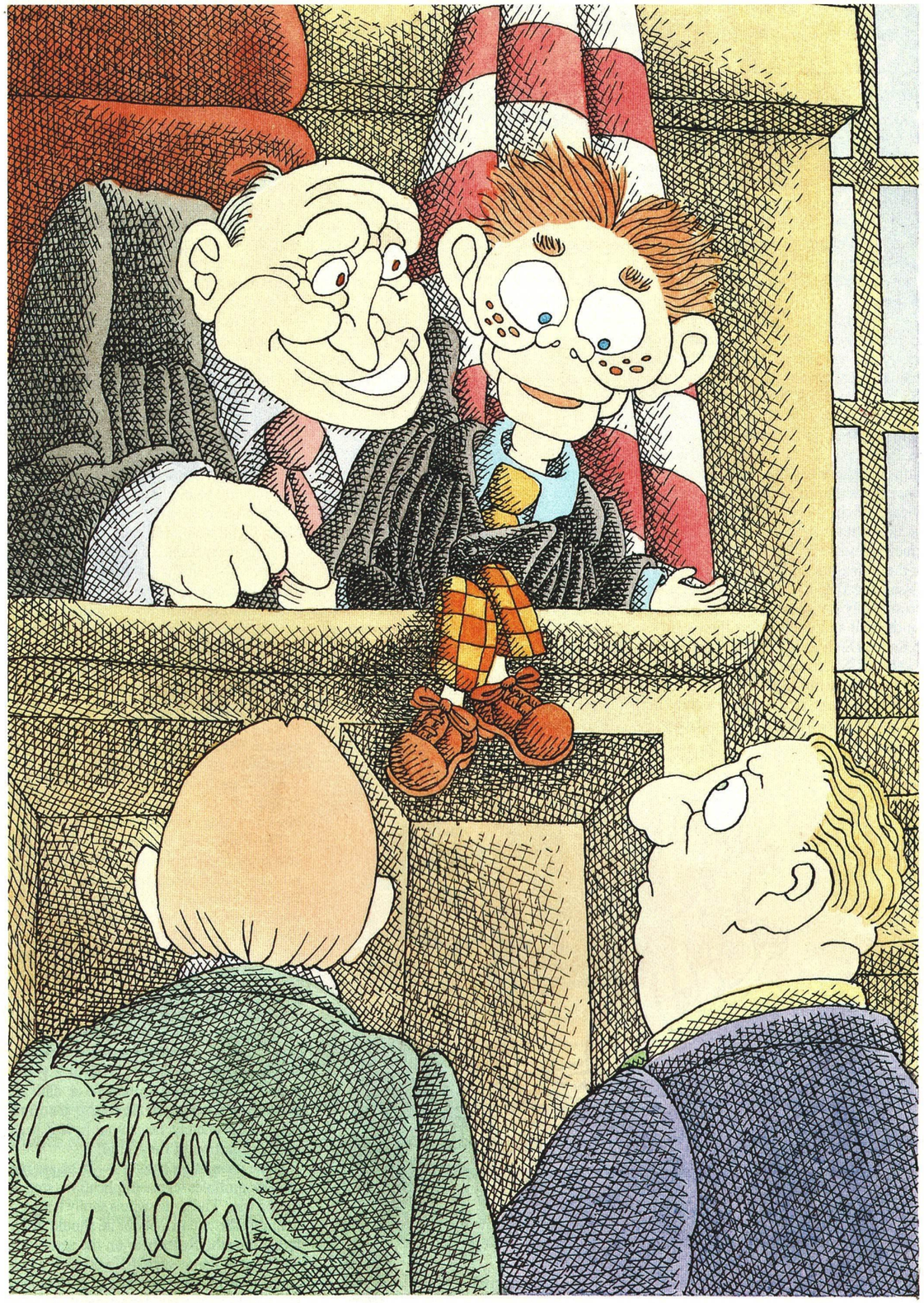
"It's no quick fix," he concedes. The days of forcing a Beach Boys to crank 'em out every two months are long gone. The superstars are expensive, call the shots, and have long-term contracts. "Even if I signed Bruce Springsteen, he wouldn't have a record for two years," he shrugs. "What you do is build a basis. I wanna build a machine that's gonna be attractive to talent." And he's built a higher profile.

"If you foster the perception that you are hot, and you say it enough, your records sound different to the radio stations," he says. That sense of heat carries into the record shops. "Right now, Warner-Elektra-Asylum's guy walks into a store, he's got an attitude: 'We're hot, we gave you Madonna, here's ZZ Top. You better give us space right above the cash register.' "

Every record released is a gamble. It's good music and lots of luck. Smith cites a handy example: "My company has Heart, who CBS paid to go away. They had 200,000 on their last album there. We proceeded to sell 4.5 million Heart albums. That'd mean we were 20 times better than CBS, which is nonsense. They made a great record for us."

Capitol was lucky with Heart. But, Smith says, "when you have a good company you narrow the odds. I narrow the odds immediately because I will avoid doing some of the stupid things like chasing boozers and making incredible deals with artists just to put a name on the boards."

Late last year, nine months after Joe Smith joined, Capitol was still only a slight presence on the charts and the rumor mill, while quieted, continued to churn. Nonetheless, Smith was confident. "It's an upbeat, effective operation. They just need some records. It's product flow." He has rebuilt the machine, he says, and it works. "We've shown the ability to break new acts like Crowded House and Poison. In the talent world we're told that we're a label of choice. People will come to us along with Warner Bros and CBS. There's a good feeling here."



"So, hey, what do you think, little Willy — is this guy guilty or not?"

golf (continued from page 76)

Tom Watson: "If you kick a ball out of a bad lie, you may also cheat the tax department. Or your wife."

golfers; the guest book is filled with calligraphy.

"We scientifically address the issue of performance characteristics," says Dr Ronald E. Philipp, who manages the research and test centre. "And we go about it in a rigorous manner." Philipp needs two hands to set a huge binder on a conference table. The several hundred pages contain the data gathered in the USGA's third groove study, completed just this past January. For those who've been consumed by the Iran-Contra affair or the NSW State elections or who maybe don't play the game, the groove question has been golf's major controversy of recent times. "U" or box shaped grooves on club faces have become more popular ever since the v-shaped groove requirement was eliminated in 1984. USGA specifications require that the maximum distance between grooves must be at least three times the width of the grooves themselves. If the grooves were closer together on the clubface, players presumably would be able to put more spin on the ball and vastly lower their scores.

Karsten Solheim's Ping Eye 2 clubs do not meet the USGA's specifications but they are freely available throughout Australia. In fact, more of the maverick designer's clubs have been sold than any other manufacturer's: Solheim's company sells half a million sets in 66 countries each year.

Frank Hannigan offers the USGA's position: "Manufacturers are invited to submit samples to us when there's any doubt as to their meeting standards. In this case, the clubs were produced and sold before we even knew about them."

Hannigan admits the USGA was a bit slow off the tee with its ruling. While clubface standards were set in 1984, an exact engineering method for implementing them was not specified until 1987. The Ping clubs still did not meet the USGA's requirements.

To resolve the groove question, the USGA conducted studies. According to test centre manager Philipp, "We did thirty thousand hits with balls fired by an airgun against 60 different clubface plates of various groove arrangements. These were correlated with Iron Byron hits at three different club lofts."

The lab even grew its own grass to mount on the clubfaces to emulate fairway and rough conditions. The result: "On 'grassy hits' there was a direct correlation between the amount of space between the grooves and the spin rate."

Not that the average golfer would notice. According to Hannigan, variations in performance are hardly measurable in everyday golf. But there is a different perception among another class of golfer.

"Tour players are paranoiac," Hannigan insists. "They see things that are not really there. There are some amazing intellects on the pro tour who really feel that God put them on earth to win and if they don't, then something is wrong."

Hannigan notes that pros will often blame their equipment for high scores — or insist that the competition has discovered a magic club. Any golfer who feels magic in his Pings will only be able to enjoy it until 1996, when the clubs will be prohibited from play. After that date, a golfer may presumably take them out on a course, but the moral imperative becomes truly imperative and, to paraphrase a Watergate-era tape, "it could be done, but it would be wrong."

And how about dimples? Organisations which are capable of differentiating worms from burrowing animals (and pronouncing that one's own saliva is "foreign material" when applied to a clubface) have not, oddly, ever debated how many little depressions there should be on the surface of a golf ball. Though dimple arrangements dramatically affect flight, as long as balls meet standards for weight, symmetry, initial velocity and distance, the balls will be approved.

Two years ago, a pair of entrepreneurs challenged the status quo by developing a ball with different aerodynamic characteristics. It was self-correcting.

The USGA prohibited the ball from play by all the power not really vested in it at all. The developers promptly began the organisation's lesson in anti-trust law, bringing suit against the USGA for conspiring against them with golf ball manufacturers.

After a protracted court battle, the USGA bought off the complainants, retaining the law on its side. The Rules had survived.

The Rules are not puritanical. If the governing bodies find high-tech balls abhorrent, they tolerate betting with little trouble. Rules on amateur status include a section on wagering, which does specify a few conditions. Players may bet only on themselves or teammates, put up all monies themselves and never forget "the primary purpose is the playing of the game for enjoyment".

Also a golfer who advises an opponent about which club will carry that bunker or water hazard may be surprised that it's strictly against the Rules. And if a golfer graciously lends an opponent a club to replace one damaged in the course of normal play, unfortunately, he can not have it back for the duration of the round.

Make no mistake about it — these are not esoteric quibbles whose implications stop at the fairway. The golfer who's sorely tempted to nudge the ball to a better lie should never forget how the Rules bear on the rest of his life. Tom Watson says, "If you kick a ball out of a bad lie, you may cheat at other things too. Could be the tax department. Or your wife."

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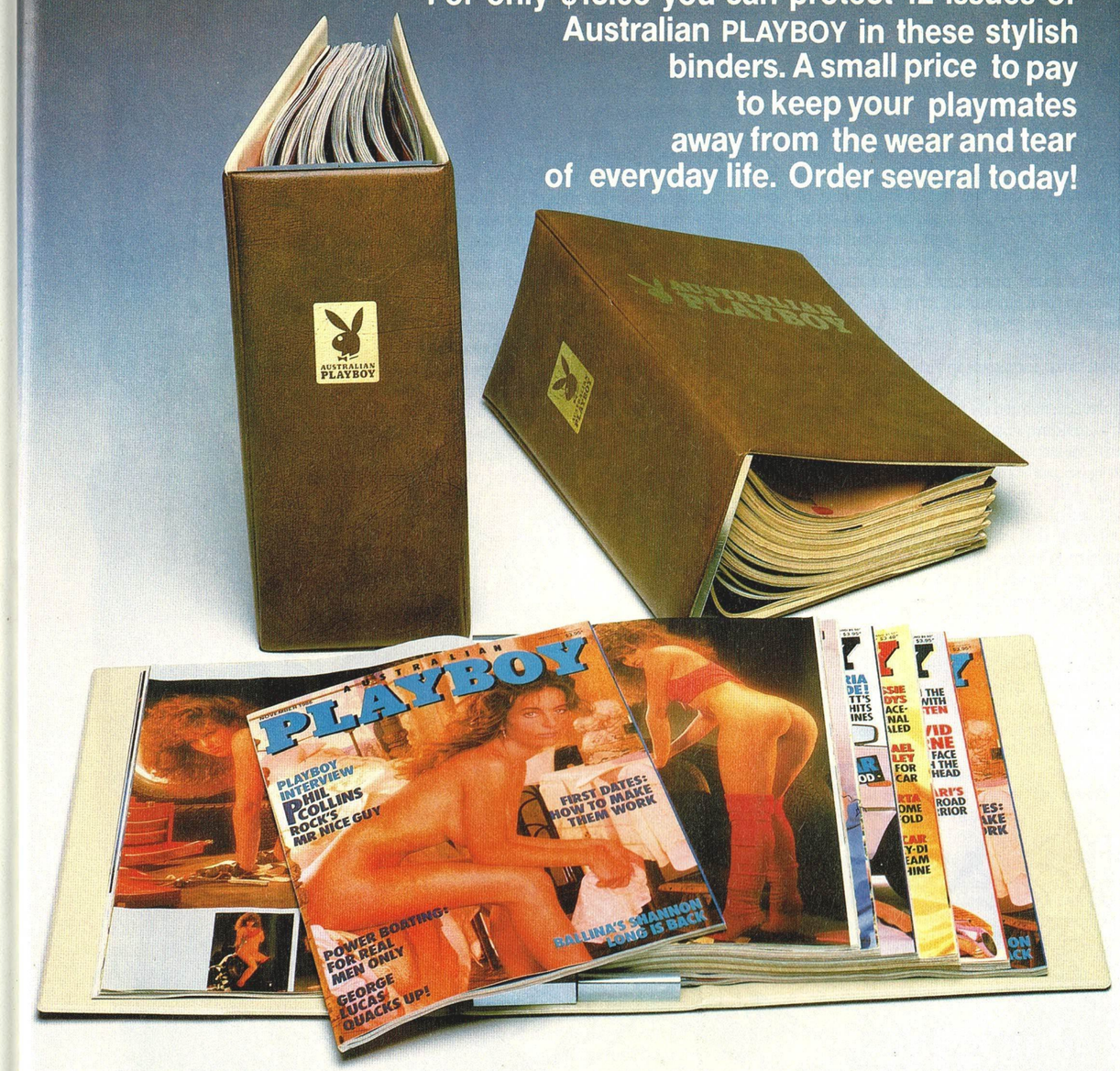
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TOM CARROLL *(continued from page 33)*

That was my manager Peter Mansted's thinking: "We're gonna train you as if you're a machine."

want to say it to myself. You must pay the ocean respect, it is the sort of place where at any second it can grab hold and take you.

PLAYBOY: What is the main difference between Hawaiian waves and Australian breaks?

CARROLL: The power and speed they generate and the length of the boards you need to surf them.

PLAYBOY: Had it occurred to you that you might not have been a good surfer outside Australia.

CARROLL: No, I never really thought about it. There were guys like Cheyne Horan who I'd been competing against who had totally outrun me by then. I had a few years to go before reaching that standard.

PLAYBOY: Why had he outrun you?

CARROLL: He was such a strong competitor, both mentally and physically. He was a brash surfing competitor who pushed himself to the limit. He was obsessed with winning. I was too young to grasp that concept in the way he had.

PLAYBOY: What about the run-in to your first world championship? Did it fall into place by chance or could you actually see it happening?

CARROLL: In any sport you have to be able to take your ups and downs. When you're losing, travelling the world by yourself can be a pretty lonely business. If you're winning, it is a different deal altogether. Take boxing: you get a guy who simply punches his way through the contenders and comes from nowhere to eventually win a world title unbeaten. It is so different in surfing. There are so many different variables. You find yourself losing badly against people you would normally beat and sometimes you win almost by default. It is up to you to change all those things and take control.

PLAYBOY: When did that dawn on you?

CARROLL: It has always been there but it has only become important of late. It certainly hadn't dawned on me when I was going for that world title. It hit me when I was going for the second one. My recollections of that first world title year are having the ambition to be the best but thinking that a world championship was still a long way off. One of the people who helped me there was my manager Peter Mansted, who I had become involved with only two years previously.

PLAYBOY: How did he help?

CARROLL: He prescribed a super-fitness training program. I had trained for sport before and had even done weight training to get over an injury. But you never really achieve peak fitness from surfing. Maybe if you surf for four hours a day you get to a pretty good level. Now, if you surf for six hours a day and exercise on top of that, you must get very fit. That was Peter's thinking. He said, "We're gonna train you as if you're a machine." It had never been done in surfing before. At that stage there were a few events left in the season, I was well placed and knew I had a chance. So I got into heavy training. Until then I had never really looked up and thought the world title was within my reach. My reasoning was that if I put in the work and was better prepared, I could go into those remaining contests more powerful and confident than ever.

PLAYBOY: How hard did you train?

CARROLL: Surfing six hours a day, doing aerobics, passing out and eating. I did that for a month. I competed in Florida and won in a close decision. I had put in a lot of time on my weakness, small-wave surfing, and it paid off. I had never paid any attention to surfing bad surf. I came back to Australia and won the Stubbies and Beaurepaires contests. We got to the last event at Bells where I finished second and that wrapped up the world title.

PLAYBOY: Did that training give you a psychological boost?

CARROLL: Yes. It's a case of being on top of what you're doing.

PLAYBOY: On the down side has been your terrible flirtation with injury. In 1979 you were hit by a flying board at Newport, ruptured your stomach and were very lucky to get out of hospital alive.

CARROLL: That was a horrible experience. I had just arrived back from my second overseas trip, which was six weeks in Japan. We finally got some swell, a couple of weeks after arriving home, and I went for a surf with a friend. We took off on the same wave and he came towards me. He went to flick his board over the top of the wave but didn't make it and his board hit me in the stomach. I stayed on my board but I was in agony. No wounds, except for a little nick in my wetsuit. I stayed out there but was going pale, so a couple of friends suggested I go in. I thought I'd just sit in the car for a bit until I recovered but as I was sitting there talking to a few people this terrible wave of nausea hit me. I went home and rolled around in pain for a while. Thankfully, my brother and a friend turned up and saw my condition and we did a hell run to Mona Vale Hospital, where they diagnosed it as a ruptured stomach. They did some exploratory surgery and sewed me up. I was in hospital for about a month and came out as thin as a rake. I got myself together and headed off to Hawaii later that year and got right back into it.

PLAYBOY: Were there any positive lessons from the injury?

CARROLL: I made a point of building myself up, working out and getting really strong. The long convalescence gave me a chance to reflect on what I was doing and what I wanted to do. Until then I'd had a gung-ho attitude. The injury made me pull back and think.

PLAYBOY: Your injuries must have provided plenty of time for thought. What about the ankle fracture?

CARROLL: It wasn't so much a fracture, more a rearrangement of the ligaments.

PLAYBOY: Wrist injury...

CARROLL: Dislocated it numerous times, skateboarding, football and surfing. I broke my hand in Bali. I had a knee injury that used to pop the cartilage out and it happened when I was surfing in Bali — one wipeout I broke my hand, too.

PLAYBOY: Hepatitis. . .

CARROLL: Came home from that Bali trip with hepatitis after slicing my head open in a motorbike accident, breaking my hand and popping my knee.

PLAYBOY: What sort of insurance cover have you got?

CARROLL: [*laughs*] That all happened during 1980, a year after the stomach problem. I'd actually dislocated my knee before the stomach injury and the time in hospital gave the injury a chance to recover. After that, however, I dislocated it again surfing big waves in Hawaii. It started off as a medial ligament problem but eventually the cruciate ligament went too and screwed up the cartilage. Finally, they reconstructed it in November 1981.

PLAYBOY: Ear problems. . .

CARROLL: Busted both ear drums, once in July last year and in December the previous year in Hawaii. They kept me out of the water for a week at a time, which was nothing compared to the knee. I'd crush the knee and have to stay out of the water for a month. It would kill my chances in amateur events.

PLAYBOY: Near anal rupture. . .

CARROLL: That was horrible.

PLAYBOY: That would have kept you on the straight and narrow.

CARROLL: Too right [*laughing*]. I can't see how they take it. It happened in Japan in tiny surf, practising a manoeuvre called the floater, where you rebound off the lip of an approaching wave and float down on it as it breaks. On this occasion, the nose of the board went into the sand, my back foot slipped off and my anus went down on the sharp point of the tail. Terrible feeling. It's not just the injury, it's what you have to go through after: stitches inside and out. You have to really take care of your wound.

PLAYBOY: I'd imagine you'd need a sympathetic nurse.

CARROLL: The nurses were great.

PLAYBOY: How did winning a world title change things?

CARROLL: Financially, it helped me out tremendously. At that stage there was more money in a single event than at any other stage in surfing history. That was the Beaurepaires event at Cronulla. First prize

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purse was $20,000 plus a car. So I came out of that year in good financial shape. By then I'd been on the circuit about three years. The previous year I'd finished third and people like Mark Richards were saying I had a chance. What that world title did for me was generate a lot of respect in the surfing world. I gained a lot of fulfilment and I realised that my ability had improved. It made me feel good about what I was doing. Becoming world champion put me in a daze for a while but there was no time to dwell on it as I had to go out and compete again for the next year.

PLAYBOY: Was the focus of media pressure a problem?

CARROLL: Yes. I really wanted to make sure surfing had a good image. I had appreciated what the likes of Mark Richards and company had achieved for the sport and I wanted to take that a few steps further. I wanted to make sure future world champions had a real chance of being well rewarded for their achievements.

PLAYBOY: So, somewhere since graduating as a brash kid, you had developed a sense of responsibility for surfing?

CARROLL: Yeah. I had watched that tradition growing during my first few years on the circuit through guys like Shaun Tomson and MR. They worked hard to see that it could develop as professional sport. Because of that attitude, the sport has enjoyed an incredible growth. I was fortunate to watch that. The young guys coming on the scene now missed that development. They don't understand that feeling of responsibility yet.

PLAYBOY: So, when Tom Carroll, number 20 in the world says: "I'm not going to compete in South Africa," everybody says: "So what?" But when Tom Carroll, world number one says it, it means an awful lot.

CARROLL: It meant an awful lot. After winning the second world title it felt like a good time to make that stand. I felt very fulfilled after that victory. I'd had that impression about South Africa ever since my first visit. I simply didn't feel right about the place. It would have been quite easy for me as world champ for the second time to go back there and allow myself to be used in the media. By permitting yourself to be used in that way you are justifying their system. I didn't feel good about that. It was better to say: "I opt not to go." There had been no such action in surfing before. It made some surfers take stock of what they were doing by competing in that country. It's sad that we have to bring sport and politics together but that can't be avoided. They are together. It would be too easy to say: "I'm just a sportsman doing my thing, the political and social implications don't concern me." Gee, I'm a human being, we're supposed to care.

PLAYBOY: What about those surfers who do compete in South Africa?

CARROLL: That's their choice. They have to deal with it in their own way.

PLAYBOY: Despite all that, you confessed feeling some sympathy for Kim Hughes who had been put out on a limb after missing selection in the national cricket side and then accepting an offer to tour South Africa.

CARROLL: You have to look at the individual's options. Ultimately, you have to make your own decisions. The sympathy I expressed for him was to do with the situation in which he found himself.

PLAYBOY: What did your decision to boycott South Africa cost?

CARROLL: I broke with the clothing company, Instinct, which was operated by Shaun Tomson, who is, of course, South African.

PLAYBOY: Did that cost you a few bob?

CARROLL: Yes, it did. But it all evens itself out over the distance, providing you retain your self-respect.

PLAYBOY: Has surfing lost its fun element? It used to have its share of sex, drugs and chiko roll escapism, counter-culturalists thumbing the nose at society as if to say, "This is something you'll never get to share." Has it changed?

CARROLL: Those things are still very appealing. But when it comes down to surfing as a pro sport, you're competing and you want to be a winner. You have to clean up your act, you can't live bad and be a rebellious head. You have to be squeaky clean, you have to be prepared to take a big physical beating. You simply can't be undisciplined and win. The disciplines of winning as an athlete say that you cannot be a rebellious freak and hope to succeed. I've been rebellious because it was part of the scene when I first started.

I didn't find Hawaii as heavy as they said but I knew if I started saying that, it would be taken the wrong way. You must pay the ocean respect.

PLAYBOY: What happened to the professional surfing circuit's rape and pillage reputation? It was once considered a saltwater version of Joe Cocker's *Mad Dogs And Englishmen* tour.

CARROLL: There are times on the tour when there is a break and people cut loose. When I started on the tour there were plenty of guys who were obviously there just to have fun. It was a big party scene and they created havoc wherever they went. That still exists to a certain degree but it is much more serious now. The top competitors are friends and really respect each other. There is a sense of camaraderie now. You don't find top surfers who are up themselves anymore.

PLAYBOY: Have the rape and pillage heroes retired to work in surf shops?

CARROLL: Oh, there is still a bit of that. You hear the odd story at a tournament. Basically, the local towns have got their own animals and they're the ones responsible. It is probably not unlike tennis, golf or rock'n'roll. There are the various scenes on the tour and it is not unusual to see young, very talented surfers get caught up in the temptations. They crash and burn before they achieve anything.

PLAYBOY: Here we have super-fit athletes in a glamorous sport. What about the spoils of victory, pleasures of the flesh?

CARROLL: That can be pretty dangerous these days. Ten years ago it was all out, let's go hell for leather. You heard the story about those chicks in England, France or Hawaii, or what a certain bunch of guys had been getting up to. It was big time then, but in those days the heavy diseases around were nothing quite as sinister as we've got now. Nowadays, you have to be careful about what you do around the world. As far as groupie scenes are concerned, let's look upon them as good, healthy support for a growing sport.

PLAYBOY: You were the first full-time surfer to have a manager. How did you become involved with Peter Mansted?

CARROLL: He got on to me in '82 after I had run second to Mark Richards at Bells. Peter was involved in a career switch and wanted a challenge to sink his energy into. He thought Tom Carroll had something going for him so he approached me with his proposal and we said: "Let's go for it."

PLAYBOY: The average surfer might run a mile if fronted by somebody who wanted to manage him.

CARROLL: I was at the crossroads whether to take it seriously or not. I was 20. My thinking about the competitive scene was to either take it very seriously or start looking for something else to do. I decided to go for it and try really hard. So I said okay to Peter's offer. At that time I was leaving a company I'd been with for a while and beginning to talk to another firm. It seemed like a perfect opportunity for somebody to see what sort of deal they could negotiate for me. I was never very good at taking business seriously.

PLAYBOY: What has he achieved for you?

CARROLL: He has worked very hard at keeping my name before the media and thereby seeing that my backers get value for money.

PLAYBOY: A survey about 18 months ago rated you as one of Australia's five best-known sportsmen.

CARROLL: If that is so, then Peter can take a lot of the credit. From that sort of exposure has flowed the sponsorships.

PLAYBOY: You're reputedly the highest paid surfer of all time. How close to the mark are estimates that you earn $250,000 a year?

CARROLL: That's a pretty exaggerated figure but, sure, I'm doing all right. I'm trying to make a few wise investments, like this house. After all, you can't be a top surfer forever.

PLAYBOY: Your star was tied to the anti-smoking campaign along with the likes of Rob de Castella, Pat Cash and Peter Sterling. Is that something you feel strongly about?

CARROLL: It's a very worthwhile project. It feels good to be involved.

PLAYBOY: How obsessive are you about health and fitness?

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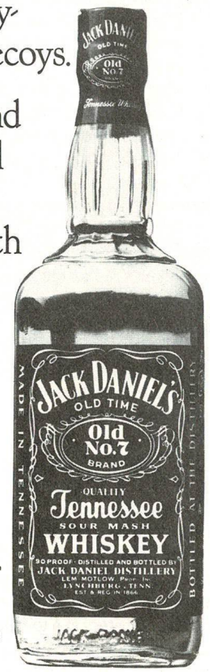

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CARROLL: I watch what I eat, I train very hard and spend plenty of time in the water. It sounds boring but when I get a chance to go out I appreciate it. I'm not a complete wowser, I do enjoy a social drink. Aerobics play a big part in my fitness program and I also do weight training.

PLAYBOY: What do you weigh now?

CARROLL: About 63.5kg and I feel comfortable with it.

PLAYBOY: What is the future for surfing as a professional sport?

CARROLL: It is still relatively new. Because of the obvious constraints, it will never become anything like football, tennis or golf. If you look at those sports, it has taken years for them to become really established. Take Tom Curren, he is a mega-hero in the US surfing world but he is relatively unknown compared with stars of other leading American sports. Although Australia is a much smaller market, surfers have a higher profile here. Just about everybody here is involved with the ocean or going to the beach.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel passionately about outside of surfing?

CARROLL: I'm concerned about humanitarian values. For instance, it worries me that innocent people can get killed just because there are those in the community who think it is an exercise in democracy for them to own guns. On the international scene, I'm concerned for human rights. Nobody should be able to exploit his fellow man.

PLAYBOY: On the personal front, your family encountered a terrible tragedy last year with the death of your sister Josephine in a road accident. You learned of the accident a few hours before surfing in the final of the Marui Pipeline Masters. Was that a wrench to be away from home at the time?

CARROLL: Yes, it was very difficult. I didn't know what to do. It was very distressing. I decided to go all out and win that event for Josephine. It hurts to know that you will never say hello to that person again. But the most important thing was to ask what would Josephine have wanted me to do. I knew the answer to that because Josephine was an achiever who strove for excellence. She was the kind of person who would go for it. When you lose somebody like Josephine you can either get very angry and hurt, or you can take all those gifts that she gave to others and hold on to them in a positive way. That's what I decided to do. When I went into the final at Pipeline I was really focussing hard on what I wanted to achieve. I knew that that's what Josephine would have loved me to do.

PLAYBOY: To achieve what you have has obviously involved sacrifices on the way. Have you ever regretted it?

CARROLL: You're right, you have to be self-centred. Anyone who wants to be the best has to pass up so many other experiences. You have to turn your back on relationships and that can hurt. But it has its compensations.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

What's happening where and who's making it happen.

Compiled by Peter Olszewski

TWO FOR THE ROAD

From the sublime to the ridiculous, so to speak. Here are two motorbikes which are wheels apart. First, for the more practical biker, is the Range Rider (right). Remember Bickerton bikes, the foldaway cycles which were fashionable here some years ago? Well, the Range Rider is the motorised version. It weighs 33.5 kg, and fits into a car boot when folded. It has a 50cc motor which chuffs out a top speed of 40 km/h. The foldaway motorbike sells in Britain for about $1700.

On the other end of the scale is the Bimota YB5, the most expensive, most exotic and possibly the fastest bike in Australia. It weighs 216 kg, and has a 130 horsepower, 4 cylinder, 1200cc, air-cooled Yamaha engine, capable of propelling the machine at a top speed of 260 km/h! Cost? Around $25,000. Distributed in Australia by Italspares, Belmore NSW.

SCAR STRANGLED BANGER

British artist RALPH STEADMAN's new book gives a weird, twisted view of America. Here, his mate HUNTER S. THOMPSON offers a weird, twisted view of the artist.

RALPH AND I met at the Kentucky Derby in 1970, and it took me about 14 seconds to spot the Jekyll-and-Hyde quality about him. He looked straight, but I knew he wasn't. I don't think I'd even seen his work — maybe he sketched a little — but I recognised the fiend in him immediately. . . that dark whistling sound that comes with the shock of recognition. Here was this kinky fucking Welshman, first time in the United States, and I could tell just from talking with him that the way he saw things was unique, original, hopelessly twisted. He didn't know a fucking thing about the Derby. I'm from Louisville, so I knew all about that shit, and his perceptions convinced me right away that I had found a true monster, a man who would gnaw the ears off children. We understood each other.

We were thrown together at the last minute. I had an assignment to cover the race for *Scanlon's Monthly*, and I had refused to work with photographers any more, because they were just too much fucking trouble. I called Patrick Oliphant, the political cartoonist, but he couldn't do it. Then Warren Hinckle, the editor of *Scanlon's*, said, "By God, I think I know somebody. A weird Welsh cartoonist, crazed." I hadn't seen a thing by him, but we had no choice. He flew straight from London to Louisville, and I flew from Denver.

I don't think Ralph liked me at all when we met. He didn't appreciate the fact that the press passes we were holding had been obtained at the last minute by questionable means. I'd applied for them three days before the race and the press guy had said to me, "Are you crazy? We've been out for three months." I finally pulled every string I had in Louisville and got us into the press box, which was right at the finish line, above the governor's box.

As soon as he started sketching, I saw he was an incredible artist. I knew the Derby to be a fucking nadir of human behavior, I knew what he was looking at, but he saw it very differently than I did. It was like having another set of eyes.

In fact, his reactions to things were so good that I began to put him in horrible, violent situations just to see what would happen. I still do it. He claims to hate it, of course, but I tell him, "Ralph, you have to have pain. You have to get weird." It got so that if I were going to Mace somebody, I would put Ralph out there to confront the Macee, just to get his reaction.

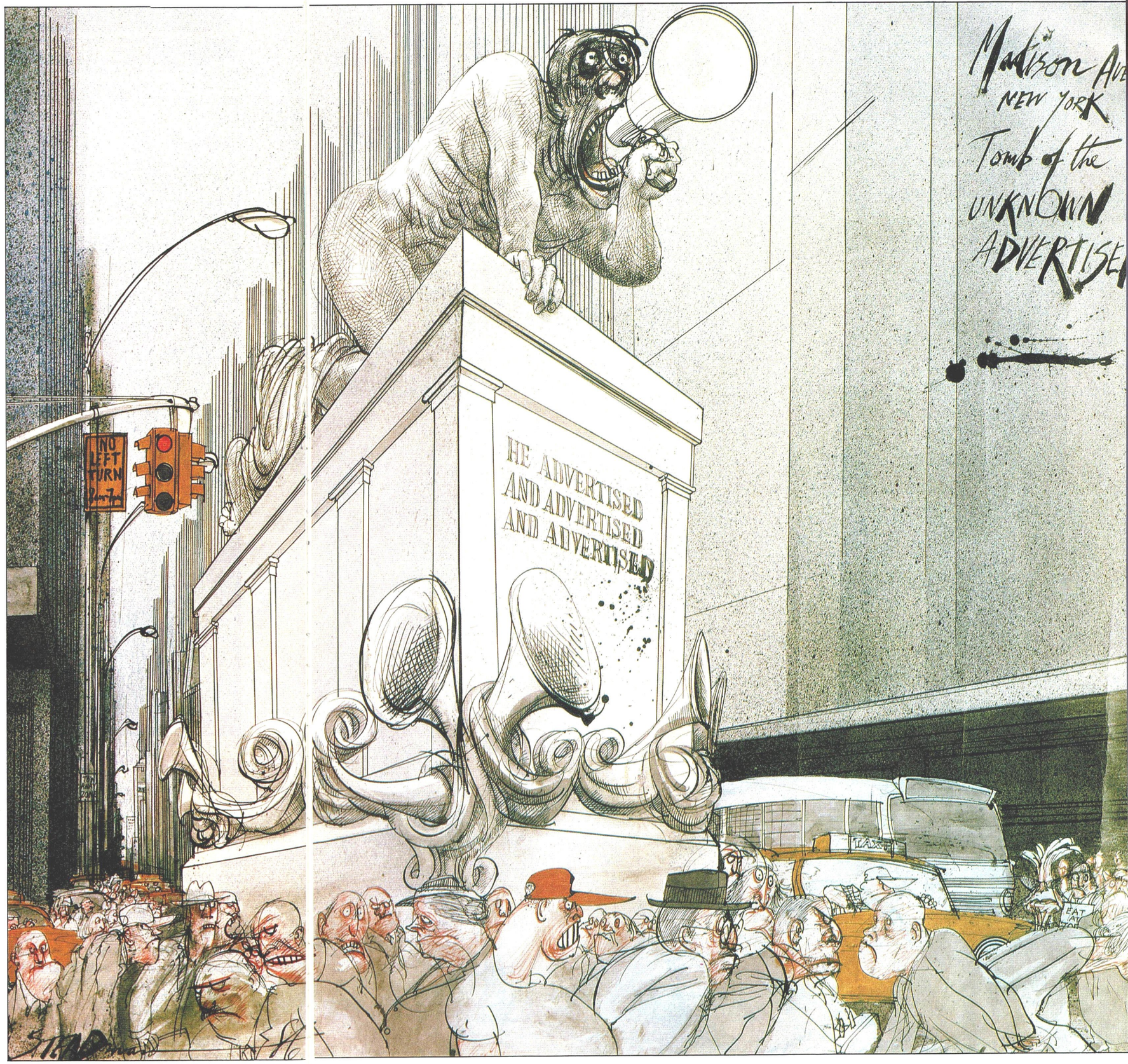
I actually did Mace the governor's box at the Derby. Mace was legal then, and I'd bought a can for $5.98 in a shop, and at some point, I just moved over to the rail of the press box and sent a stream down on the governor and his guests. It was a while before they realised what was happening. I mean, you're in the governor's box with a cordon of state troopers around you, the cream of Kentucky society coming and going, and you start to feel weird, feel something dropping, and your first thought is *not* that it's Mace coming from the press box. It takes a long time to make *that* jump. They got an itch on them, then they rubbed their eyes. It got nasty.

Ralph was horrified, of course. It confirmed every ugly thing he'd thought about America before he'd ever visited. Savages. Brutes. Drunken louts with no respect for authority. All of a sudden, he's in the middle of this hideous spectacle and the guy he's with is saying, "Governor? Fuck the governor. Let's Mace the bastard." And since he'd just come from England, he figured that was normal. And I was spreading a story about how the Black Panthers were going to infiltrate the Derby and erupt in a wave of violence. I had Ralph watching for them, and every once in a while, he'd say, "I see a Negro. . . My God!"

He got on to the whole thing very quickly, though, and once he figured out that you could fuck with anybody and have a good time and get paid for it, well, the two of us were unbeatable. Of course, he's turned it into a kind of fey act by now: The Baffled Britisher. . . "This is teddible, teddible. . . What's going on here?. . . Somebody please give me a dollar."

Still, it's magic seeing things through Ralph's eyes. It's the kind of fun that can keep me in a story. And knowing that the art is going to be the best, that you couldn't do any better, is reassuring. . . and a little bit intimidating sometimes.

I'm not sure how many stories we've done together, but in a way, I have a feeling I'm always working with Ralph. If there's some kind of weird story out there somewhere, I know Ralph is brooding on it through his own twisted eyes. It's a real piece of luck and a great gift to work with a fucker like that.



The Joy Of Sects

So you want to know who you are, why you're here and where you're going when you leave? If you answered yes, yes and yes, well, my son, you need religion. And let's face it: the available religions just aren't that attractive. So where do you turn for ethical and moral guidance? Seek no further. Take a look at some of the new trendy sects that are just beginning to attract a flock:

• *Pastafarians* — A very odd Italian cult emanating from Melbourne. Italian youths forsake their hot Mazda rotaries, grow their hair long, braid it and sprinkle it with Spooky Spaghetti. The Pastafarians smoke oregano, their sacred herb, and hold midnight vigils outside Donnini's pasta store in Lygon Street, Carlton.

• *The Jojoba Witnesses* — This strange collection of independent distributors/true believers is held together solely by a faith in the redemptive power of natural cosmetics and shampoos.

• *The Mennenites* — A conservative, even anti-modern offshoot of the Jojoba Witnesses. Members find salvation only in men's toiletries.

• *Brie-osophists* — From the Sanskrit for "newly wealthy worshippers of smelly cheeses". Certainly one of the most popular of the new urban religions. Adherents are easily identified by their foreign cars, their fondness for vintage clothing and an insatiable desire for gelato. Their triune doctrine: unshakeable belief in positive thinking, reincarnation and boutique shopping.

• *The Baklavites* — Not all of the new sects are actually new; some are just rediscovered. So it is with the Baklavites, whose beautiful ancient rituals and customs would be lost to the world forever, were it not for the people in an Old World enclave in Sydney who are now

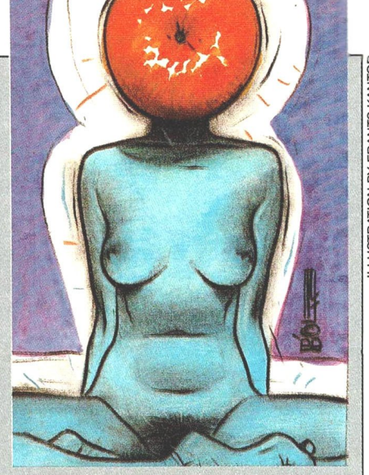


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

teaching a whole new generation the traditional values of Greek Pastry worship.

• *The Gikhs (aka Nurdhs)* — A steadily growing assemblage of mainly male computer programmers who find peace and harmony in worshipping the ancient spirits of slide-rules past. It is their avowed practice never to cut their hair or change their shirt.

• *Eighth Day Adventists* — Enjoying a slight resurgence as a self-help organisation for chronic procrastinators. They were banished from the better known Seventh Day Adventists around 1900 for their annoying habits of being notoriously tardy for services and incredibly stingy at collection time. Their behavior gave rise to the popular phrase: "A day late and a dollar short."

• *Church Of Christ Geologist* — A really underground cult. This coterie of Christian spelunkers bases its entire existence on one utterance of Jesus: to wit, "And on this rock I will build my Church," as interpreted in the apocryphal writings of the obscure second century AD theologian Saint Igneous of the Catacombs.

Getting List

TEN UNUSUAL AUSSIE TERMS FOR MASTURBATION

It has been noted by bemused Americans and Brits that Australians have an extraordinarily wide range of colorful and unusual words and phrases for vomit. But Aussies are also good at coining slang terms for masturbation, as any wanker or jerker would know unless he's too busy pulling his pud. Here we present 10 of the weirder descriptions:

1. Bat: mostly a prison expression.
2. Beat The Bishop: frantic self-indulgence, usually after being stimulated by an erotic magazine.
3. Begerk: an oil rig saying for a big jerk. . . "She's gonna blow."
4. Clear Your Tubes: a very casual operation, almost a waste of time.
5. Crank: simulating the movement of a crankshaft, con rod and piston.
6. Flip Off: a casual job.
7. Flogging The Knob: a favorite pastime.
8. Jerkin' The Gherkin: frivolous.
9. Knock The Top Off: an expression usually used in institutions such as army camps, boarding schools, prisons etc, where there are no members of the opposite sex.
10. Ninety-Nine, Change Hands: jokingly credited to macho body-builders who would prefer not to develop unbalanced arm muscles while masturbating, or to weaklings who must change hands after ninety-nine strokes (if they last that long).

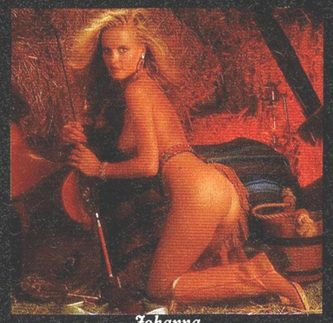
— Adapted from: *The Layperson's Dictionary Of Australian Swearing And Sex Sayings.* Published by Wonham, WA. $12.95.

Next Month

BAD BONDAGE: **IAN FLEMING** HAS A LOT TO ANSWER FOR. HE INFLUENCED WORLD LEADERS TO INDULGE IN WAR GAMES SO FANCIFUL THEY WOULD EMBARRASS EVEN JAMES BOND.

PAUL HOGAN: HOW THE AMERICANS VIEW OUR FIRST INTERNATIONAL MOVIE SUPERSTAR.

REJUVENATION: IS INJECTING LIVE SHEEP CELLS THE SECRET TO EVERLASTING YOUTH?

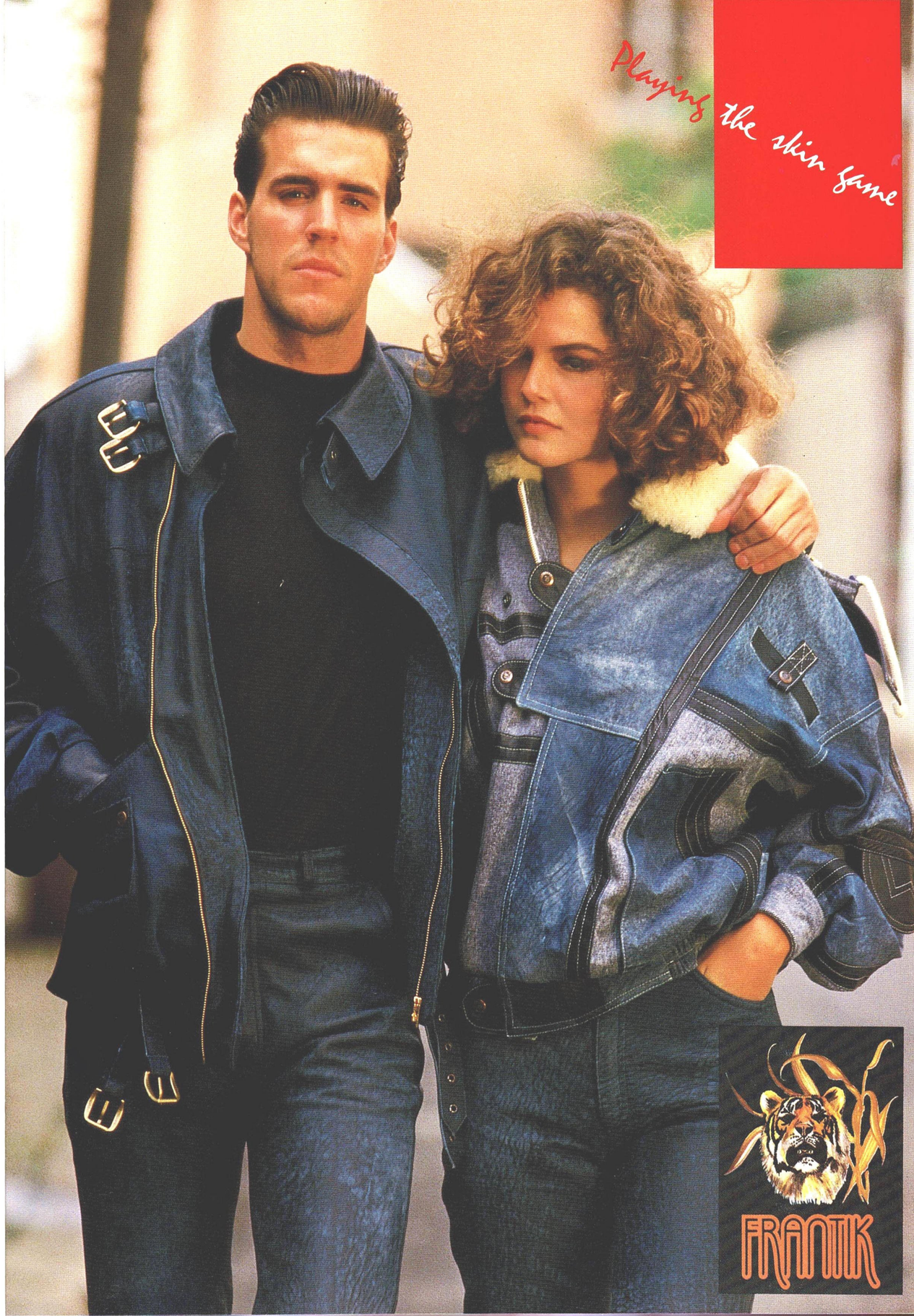


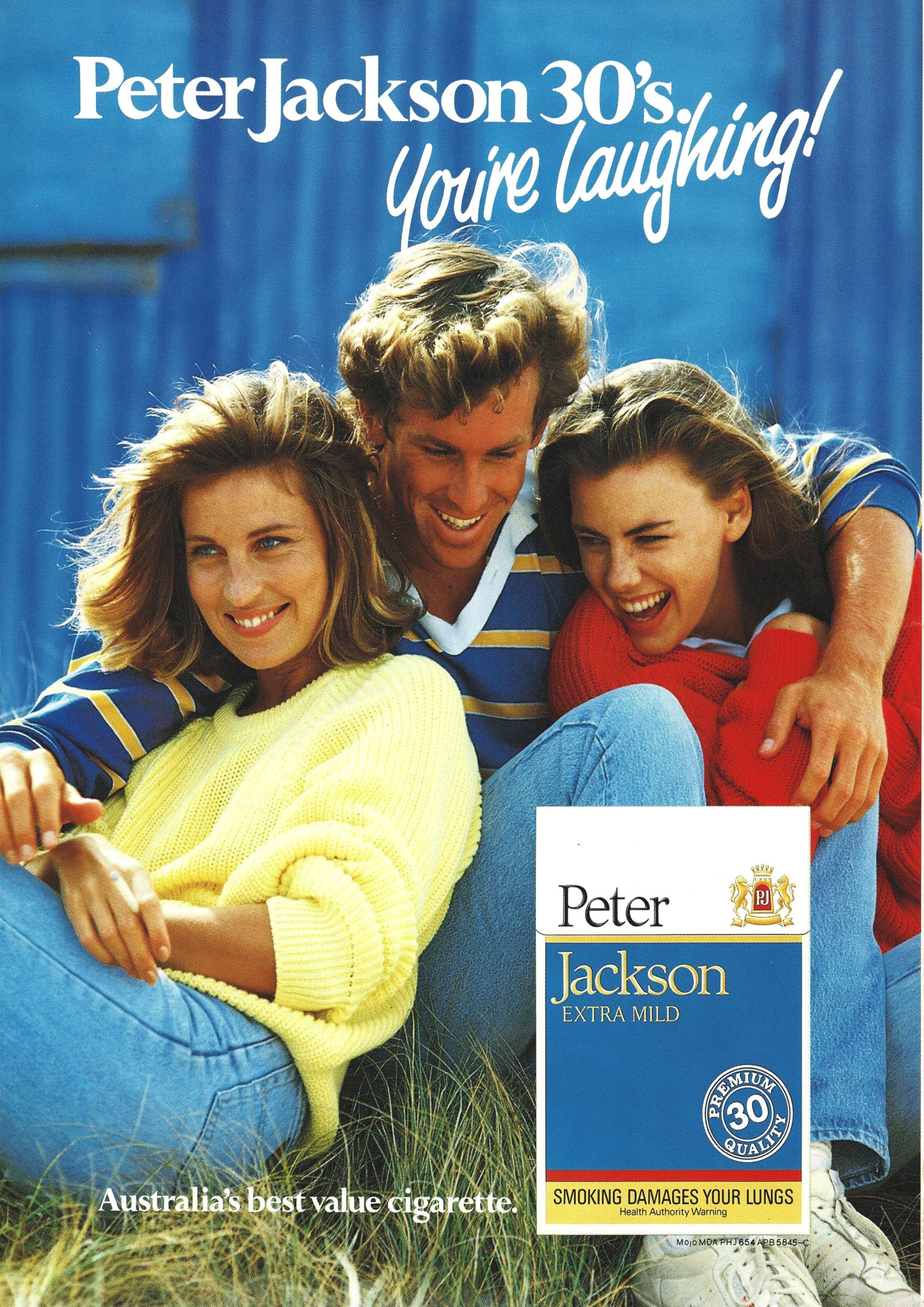
Johanna

SHAGGER'S PARADISE: A MAD-CAP GUIDE TO AUSTRALIA'S TOP SUPPOSEDLY EROTIC HOTSPOTS.

VISIONS OF JOHANNA: FORGET THE FITZGERALD ENQUIRY. BRISBANE'S JOHANNA WILL BE THE NEW TOPIC OF CONVERSATION IN QUEENSLAND.

TEN MEN WORTH SCREWING: **THERESA RUSSELL**, ONE OF AMERICA'S SEXIEST ACTRESSES, LISTS THE BLOKES SHE'D MOST LIKE TO HAVE IT OFF WITH, INCLUDING NORMAN MAILER, IAN BOTHAM AND SAM SHEPARD.

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